# THE LIVING AGE

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# THIS WEEK

THE natural beauty of the countryside through which the River Shannon flows allayed some of the fears that our English Visitor might have entertained as to the future of Ireland. What we get is a sympathetic picture of a country that has been somewhat remote from us for several years past.

☆ ☆ ☆

Mr. Y. P. Tsai is almost too polite in his attempt to reconcile Eastern and Western civilization. He divides China's progress into epochs corresponding to the phases of European development, but the thoughtful reader cannot help noticing certain contrasts that still remain unexplained.

☆ ☆ ☆

The sorry condition of old Heidelberg shows to what a state the German university has come. According to Mr. Herrmann, the trouble is that scholarship is taught as an end in itself and that practical instruction, calculated to equip the young man for his battle with life, is neglected. Must we, then, expect Germany to follow the example of our own apostles of the Higher Learning and, by way of justification, establish a Heidelberg School of Business Administration?

★ ★ ★

A desire to see the 'Real China' led Eva von Bodin to go to a Holy Island and get first-hand experience with the life of the people. Hers is the usual story of a traveler's disillusionment set against a novel background.

★ ★ ★

If C. R. has an Indian name he saved our readers about three minutes of their time in confining himself to initials, as his article abounds in tongue-twisters that will send even the *Living Age* public to bed with tired palates. He describes for us the methods by which Gandhi's apostles get the Non-Coöperative Movement to coöperate.

★ ★ ★

Austen Chamberlain, one of the leaders of the English Conservative Party, sets about the irreverent task of showing up his old man. It appears that Joseph Chamberlain made a habit of deliberately misquoting familiar quotations, which is at least an improvement on the more familiar postprandial orator whose errors are not always intentional.

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## for NEXT WEEK

*WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS*

HIGH TREASON IN MUNICH — *Stephan Weigelt-Gauting*
*Germany's Greatest State-Trial*

THE WORLD-WIDE WANE OF LIBERALISM
I. LIBERALISM VERSUS LABOR IN GREAT BRITAIN — *Gilbert Murray*
II. LIBERALISM VERSUS DEMOCRACY IN LATIN AMERICA — *Juan B. Teran*

IN THE ABYSSES OF MOSCOW — *Albert Engstrom*
*The Most Sordid Slum Story Ever Told*

OUR LADY OF THE AFFLICTED — *Rafael Arévalo Martínez*
*A Guatemala Story*

THE PROSE AND POETRY OF PUGILISM
I. TRAINING A BOXER — *Eric Wulf*
II. INSIDE THE FIGHTER'S MIND — *Jean Prevost*

HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL AT FIFTY — *Erwin H. Rainhalter*
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# THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 321 — *APRIL 19, 1924* — NO. 4163

## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

PREËLECTION GERMANY

THE Munich treason trial, of which we shall give a Social-Democratic version in next week's issue, has been the leading topic in the German press, despite — and partly because of — the coming general election. Simultaneously several men belonging to one of the militant reactionary societies have just been sentenced to penal servitude at Leipzig for murdering a member of their organization whom they suspected of reporting its proceedings to the Government.

Robert Dell, writing from Berlin to the *New Statesman*, says it is universally believed that the gainers in the general election will be the extremists on the Right and on the Left; and that the Social Democrats and the Centre parties will lose heavily. The most optimistic estimates place the losses of the Social-Democrat Party at forty per cent. The Communists are expected to add largely to their delegation. The present Reichstag has 227 members of the Left, — including all complexions from the Socialists to the Communists, — 162 members of the Right, and 68 Centrists. He adds: —

I have just been in Bavaria, which resembles a vast lunatic asylum. Ludendorff is a popular hero, and a war of revenge is regarded as an immediate probability. It is generally and firmly believed, of course without any reason, that the German Government has large stores of artillery and munitions in Holland or elsewhere abroad ready for use at a moment's notice. In the schools hymns of hate are daily sung, the boys are being drilled for the coming war, and militarism and hatred of foreigners are systematically preached. A friend of mine told me that he thought of leaving Bavaria because he could not find a school for his son free from these objectionable practices.

The rest of Germany is not nearly so bad as Bavaria, — indeed, I have not heard of any school propaganda of this kind anywhere else, — but militarist feeling is increasing. It is not, however, a spontaneous reaction against French policy. There are no spontaneous reactions in Germany. It is artificially worked up by the present German Government and the German Nationalists, but of course it is French policy that has enabled them to work it up. I believe that the mass of the German people is still unaffected by it, — at least to any great extent, — but the general election may show that it has penetrated more deeply than I suppose. Nevertheless, the

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German people are naturally the least warlike in the world — too pacific, in fact — and I am inclined to think that the probable success of the Fascisti will be due more to disgust with the parties that have been in power than to anything else.

Helmut von Gerlach, a brilliant pacifist leader, writes in *Prager Tagblatt* that new parties are springing up in Germany like mushrooms, and that in practically all instances they represent groups of the former Left. The most important of these is the new 'German Republican Party,' whose leader is the young editor-in-chief of the *Berliner Volkszeitung*, Carl Vetter, a militant pacifist and the founder of the *Nie wieder Krieg* campaign. There is also an 'Employees Party,' — *Arbeitnehmerpartei*, — which evidently hopes to draw recruits from the Social Democrats.

Professor Ludwig Quidde, whose article, 'The Future of Germany,' appeared in the *Living Age* of April 5, has recently been arrested in Munich for high treason because he published on March 10 an article calling attention to the common reports that young men were receiving military training throughout the country. Naturally this arrest has caused an international sensation, for Professor Quidde has been for thirty years one of the most prominent pacifists and publicists in his country. He has sacrificed a brilliant scientific career and a private fortune to his political ideals. The pamphlet that first made him famous appeared in 1893, and was entitled *Caligula: A Study in Roman Kaisermania*. It was a brilliantly written, scholarly monograph, and too applicable to Germany's young ruler to escape attention. Even Freiherr von Hammerstein, the stiff-necked Junker editor of *Preussische Kreuzzeitung*, laughed maliciously as he observed to one of his staff: 'Caligula — a piece of impudence, a piece of divine impudence. Who is Caligula? Ah, ah!'

Ludendorff's acquittal and the light sentence passed upon Hitler by the Munich court are considered straws forecasting the outcome of the election. Theodor Wolff, a Liberal of the Liberals, gives warning in *Berliner Tageblatt* that the anticipated reactionary victory will be a bitter misfortune for Germany.

This can be disputed only by demagogues, charlatans, or by brainless honest men. But the English, Americans, Italians, and people of other nationalities who assert only too justly that a victory of the anti-Democratic elements in Germany will merely aggravate our ruin, and prevent the economic revival of Europe, have done their utmost for five years to torture and cripple our German Democracy like a Saint Sebastian. They have done all in their power to harry and hound to death Liberal institutions in this country.

The German elections will be held a week before those in France, and it is predicted that a Nationalist victory in the former country will decidedly strengthen the chances of the National Bloc.

*

### FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND THE FRANC

ANGLO-FRENCH relations have so many angles that it is always difficult to decide whether their asperities are becoming more acute or smoother. The recovery of the franc through the intervention of British and American financiers elicited the following spontaneous expression of gratitude from *L'Écho de Paris*: —

For the brilliant results of yesterday we have to congratulate and warmly thank our American and British friends, who have shown the greatest cordiality in their negotiations with France for the purpose of making a bloc with us in an admirable spirit of solidarity. In this we recognize our real friends.

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However, the English press argues with unusual unanimity that the franc's recovery is precarious and will be but temporary unless French foreign policy takes a new direction. The *Manchester Guardian*, which manifests consistent coolness toward France, says: —

Much depends on the extent to which the French Government is ready to humble its pride. If it fixes a high value of the franc, the cost of maintaining it there will be so much the greater and the loans so much the sooner exhausted. If a low one, the loans will last longer but the rout of the enemy be less spectacular. But the real enemy is not the speculator; he is only the parasite that flourishes on a decaying body. The underlying and permanent causes of decay are not destroyed but fostered by a fresh addition to the French national debt, and one which cannot be, directly or indirectly, repudiated.

The Tory *Morning Post*, which is as consistent in its friendliness to France as its Manchester contemporary is consistent in its criticism, comments: —

The franc has made in the last few days a marked recovery, and it is gratifying to note the appreciation expressed in France for the efforts made in the United States and Great Britain to help forward that recovery. At the same time, as our City Editor has pointed out, the stabilization of the franc can be secured only by the efforts of France herself. That the country is in earnest may be gauged by the approval given by the Senate to the drastic increase of taxation, so courageously proposed by the Government. After all that France has suffered in the past, and, as a result of Germany's unwillingness to fulfill her pledges, after her stupendous efforts to restore the devastated regions, it is hard that she should be now put to the proof of a financial Verdun. But what France has accomplished in a military sense she will also achieve, we are sure, in an economic sphere.

While the monetary crisis is most prominent at the moment, other issues still remain in the foreground. The publication of the French Yellow Book started a new round of polemics over the relations of France and Britain on the Rhine. Some revelations in the document were not altogether palatable to responsible French opinion. *Le Temps*, in its issue of March 10, condemned Poincaré's rejection of Lloyd George's offer of an alliance as a capital error.

The French Government ought to have taken account from the beginning of the political dispositions of its allies and associates. It ought to have asked itself particularly whether England would, from the political point of view, have regarded 'the fixing of the Rhine as the western frontier of Germany' as acceptable. If it imagined that it could lead the English to accept this conception it committed an enormous, egregious blunder, as the event has shown. If, on the contrary, it realized the impossibility of convincing the English, it ought to have sought its political guaranties in another direction. That would have meant inevitably that France, like England, would follow toward Germany a clear, definite policy — a policy seeking to reënforce democratic institutions in Germany and a pacific spirit among Germans.

The Paris correspondent of *The Nation and the Athenæum* wrote late in March that President Millerand had informed his friends that he no longer doubted the possibility of finding a solution of the Reparations question and believed that the basis of a future agreement with Germany was definitely in sight. However, this hint was enough to make Poincaré, who is as jealous of his authority as Premier as was Clemenceau when Poincaré was President, reject the German overtures.

This is how these two Presidents are opposed to each other, and their conflict is the greater as they differ so entirely both in spirit and in temperament. The President of the Republic has no culture. M. Raymond Poincaré is a cultured man. But M. Poincaré possesses a bad humor, while the President of the Republic, being strong and healthy, has no humor at all.

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The Tory *Saturday Review*, although pro-French, disapproves of Ramsay MacDonald's honey-worded diplomatic notes to France, and calls them 'the bulldog's bleat.'

✽

JANGLING VOICES

THE *Saturday Review* observes: —

Strangely little attention has been given in England to the extraordinary report of the special Commission of Jurists to the Council of the League of Nations on the Janina and Corfu incidents. The report deals with the interpretation of the Covenant, and it is not too much to say that it goes a long way to render the Covenant nugatory, for it actually facilitates such action as that which took place at Corfu, and indeed authorizes the taking of territorial sanctions not constituting acts of war. It advises the Council of the League against intervening in disputes which are already being dealt with by another jurisdiction, or to refer them again to that jurisdiction.

On the other hand, Mr. H. Wilson Harris, writing from Geneva to *The Nation and the Athenæum*, says: —

In some ways most satisfactory of all, the Corfu episode so far as it affected the League was closed. The outcome is that the challenge hastily directed against the League's authority has been completely blunted, first by the unanimous replies of the Special Committee of Jurists, specifically upholding the League's authority on all the questions submitted to the committee, and much more decisively by the striking declaration of complete loyalty to the League made by the Italian representative himself in the course of last week's sittings.

✽

MINOR NOTES

*The Manchester Guardian* shares the universal British complacency at certain setbacks to our ambitions since the war. Its editorial paragrapher muses as follows upon some of these alleged disillusionments: —

There were two things which, for at least a year after the Armistice, the Americans thought fate had almost thrown at their heads — a mercantile marine and the financial leadership of the world. To-day both look further off, yet the physical basis for both is there in abundance. America is gorged with gold, while we lack sufficient even to maintain our currency; yet London last year found fifty per cent more international capital. She also has the ships, ten million tons of them, and they are rather less valuable than the gold. For while the gold can be — and is — buried, the ships have an awkward way of running up bills.

FROM London comes the report of a new invention that promises to add more than a mite to the comfort of humanity. It is a pedoscope Roentgen apparatus that shows the exact position of the bones and muscles of the foot when trying on new shoes. It is claimed that this device facilitates not only a perfect fit, but also the correction of foot-deformities by suitable footgear.

AMONG the plans proposed to revive the prosperity of the Clyde shipyards and to maintain the supremacy of the British merchant marine, is a proposal to build with Government support five great motor-liners of 38,000 horsepower to run at twenty-two knots on the Australia passage and land mails in Fremantle seventeen days out of London. The internal-combustion engine has already created a greater revolution in ship propulsion than that caused by the introduction of the steam turbine. The tonnage of motor ships has increased nearly eightfold since 1914, and is now 1,700,000 tons. Saving of cargo space, labor, fuel, and maintenance will, in the opinion of the promoters, enable such vessels to outcompete any ships of a different type that are pitted against them. Moreover, the plan, if carried out, will knit

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closer the ties between the mother country and her remoter dominions.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, writing under the title 'Popular Errors,' in the *Spectator*, destroys another happy illusion of our schooldays in the following brief paragraph: —

Eskimos do not drink oil. They actually comsume less 'food for power' than the average Scotsman or Norwegian, and for obvious reasons, if you forget your theories and consider the facts. . . . Eskimos undoubtedly would be fond of fat — it is even possible that they might drink oil — if it were true that they were more exposed to cold than the rest of us. This is the weak link in the chain. The Eskimos are really exposed to cold less than the average American or Britisher.

We are told that this is due to the fact that they wear fur clothing out of doors, and that their snug snow huts are so warm that they 'sit in midwinter naked in their overheated houses with streams of perspiration running down their bodies, which they mop continually with towels.' Indeed, the only time that Stefansson ever saw an Eskimo shiver was in midsummer, when his clothes were worn out.

A WRITER in *La Revue du Pacifique*, a Paris monthly devoted to promoting French interests in the Orient and the South Pacific, uses the rapid growth of the factory system in Japan and China as an argument in favor of promoting manufactures in the French colonies of Indo-China: —

We ordinarily regard our colonies as suppliers of raw materials, but this is not where the chief interest of French industry and commerce lies. We can always get raw materials at a higher or lower price, but it is more difficult to find markets. Our colonies afford outlets, excellent outlets, for our industry, and these outlets will become the more important the higher the standard of living of the natives. . . . But this is not all. Our colonies must be made strategic centres from which we can conquer neighboring markets. . . . Ford recently stated that he intended to erect huge factories in China, where cheap labor and the saving of freight charges and duties will assure him a monopoly of the Chinese market. The Japanese and Americans are already erecting in China great textile factories. . . . Since we have the good fortune to control at the gates of China a country populated with industrial workers, and rich in agricultural products, minerals, and fuel, a country at peace and entirely ours, where our rule is unquestioned, we should build there the factories that will supply the Chinese market.

AN important legal decision affecting race relationships in South Africa has been handed down by the Transvaal Supreme Court, whose three judges unanimously declared *ultra vires* that part of the mining-laws providing that the men in charge of machinery in the mines shall be whites. This decision naturally delights the natives, and its principle is likely to be extended to other statutes, including the poll-tax law and the land act, which deal differently with the two races.

DESPITE complaints of business depression abroad, the Leipzig Fair this spring made a record in quantity and quality of goods exhibited and facilities for displaying them. Furthermore, the attendance was very large. However, the amount of business done was not altogether satisfactory. A correspondent of *Kölnische Zeitung* explains the fact that the sales were not in proportion to the attendance by Germany's high production costs. 'The fact is that most of our industrial products have not only reached the world-market level, but in several instances have risen above that level, so that we are simply not in a position to compete.' The home market in most instances was more satisfactory than the export

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market. Belgium and France made practically no purchases; Holland bought less than usual. England was a liberal buyer because the Reparations levy upon German exports favors her. American buyers bought fewer high-quality goods than usual, but were large purchasers of medium and low-grade porcelain, glassware, and similar lines. Rather oddly, for a world still recovering from the war, the business in musical instruments, especially automatic pianos and other self-playing devices, was remarkably good. An active demand also developed for lighting fixtures. Textiles were held at firm prices and were in satisfactory request, although German manufacturers are beginning to feel the effects of Belgian and French undercutting, on account of the depreciation of the money in those countries.

THE cost of living in Germany has fallen abruptly with the stabilization of the currency. Taking the prices of 1914 as 100, the cost of food in that country last November, when the mark was seeking its lowest levels, was 205, and the cost of living — including rent, clothing, and the like — was 153. Three months later, at the end of last February, the cost of food had fallen to 130 and the cost of living, including all items, to 105, or only five per cent more than before the war. One of the chief reasons why the rise in the total cost of living is relatively less than in the cost of food alone is that rents have been kept down artificially by legislation. At present, food costs less in Germany than in Switzerland. Dairy products and eggs are lower in Switzerland, but vegetables and meat cost less in Germany.

AUSTRALIA is now constructing irrigation works in the Murray River valley, at a cost of about $50,000,000, that are expected to render two million acres available for irrigation and close settlement. The present irrigated area on the Murray River and its tributaries is about 200,000 acres, and the population of the valley is 75,000. The storage works, which form the main part of the new undertaking, will probably be finished in 1928. Dried and canned fruits, oranges, long-staple cotton, and wine are at present the principal products.

The flowers that bloom in the spring, Tra-la-la! — in this instance have something to do with the case. — *Daily Express*

THOMAS SHAW, Minister of Labor, to UNEMPLOYED. Yes, we have no bananas — but a nice lot of pictures. — *Daily News*

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# A HOLIDAY IN IRELAND

## BY AN ENGLISH VISITOR

[*This article records the experiences of an English visitor during a recent shooting-trip in the West of Ireland. It is taken from an informal letter.*]

From the *Round Table, March*
(London Liberal-Imperial Quarterly)

Dublin is no more Ireland than Johannesburg is South Africa. You have to come to the West to see Ireland. At this time of year, if you mention the weather, the usual comment is, 'Och! It is always raining here.' But it is n't. The Shannon is at this moment as bright as the Mediterranean itself. On the flats beyond you can almost see the grass growing, it is so green, and the sun is streaming in on my neck. It is, however, true that most days he has to find any chink he can in a curtain of clouds. Personally, I like it best so, for the color is always changing and the hills are bluer. But dull or bright, there is one constant effect, a kind of silvery light which gives a mystic quality to the landscape. Perhaps it was this which once upon a time made people speak of holy Ireland. I can understand the way so many loyalists stuck it out during the troubles, though the shutter of the window I am looking through, sprinkled with shot-marks, shows what it meant in many cases to do so. I find it hard myself to leave the country after a bare week or two.

But besides the atmosphere there is the interest — often a sad enough one. It was hard on the journey here to realize the four years through which this country has passed. It looks so prosperous. The farms are so trim, the buildings in such good order, and the barns apparently so well stocked. The fat cattle too we saw — from the train — in the fields are in striking contrast to the empty pastures of Cheshire through which I passed on my way to Holyhead last week. And it was not only the farms. Even the cottages were in good condition, the very opposite of the old picture of higgledy-piggledy Ireland I remember from my nursery days; and on our way here we saw plenty of new ones going up in the neighborhood of Limerick.

At a station where we changed, as we sat in the train waiting, we heard the engine-driver singing.

For all this, the troubles have left heavy scars. There are significant gaps in stone walls at the roadside, burned houses are everywhere, and the bridges are not yet all up again. The first inn we stayed at was on the edge of a lake, at this point some four miles wide and studded with wooded islands, as lovely a prospect as you could wish for, with a picturesque ivied tower in the foreground. But the ruins here do not all date from the Middle Ages. On the opposite shore, at the foot of the moors, we could see an apparently beautiful country house. It was almost impossible to believe that it, too, was gutted, like the police quarters in our village.

At the inn we heard plenty of yarns. The visitors' book was a study in itself, with only one English address, as far as I could see, since the early days of the war, so we were greeted as the first swallows. There were others,



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however, of interest. Under July 1921 we found the name, 'Michael Collins, Chief of the Staff I.R.A.,' and a few lines farther down, the entry, 'Black and Tans,' and a note: 'All found regular.' The Auxiliaries were given a good enough character by the innkeeper. The Black and Tans varied. Some of them he described as the scum of London.

For shooting we had the whole countryside. It might have been the bush veldt, and our credentials — we had Free State permits but no one ever asked to see them — were the company of the innkeeper's son or an old poacher. This freedom from restraint was shared by the dogs. Their motto was certainly 'Sinn Fein,' or our bags might have been larger. We both felt, in spite of the richness of the pasture and the solid character of the farm buildings, that we were in a half-wild country, 'colonial,' my brother called it. Perhaps it was because we could go anywhere we liked; perhaps it was that the great stretches of swamp or bog in some places make farms look like newly reclaimed islands in a virgin country. The nearness of the hills, too, — you never seem far away from them in Ireland, — and the distance between the homesteads added to the effect.

But there is one thing which is certainly not colonial. Everywhere you go there are ruined castles, not as in our own island, generally in the hills, but scattered about the plains as well, where they still tower over the emerald fields, a monument of conquest.

The people, too, are different. In the streets of Dublin I have often thought how like, to look at, the passers-by are to ourselves. Here they might be foreigners. Two types predominate, the fresh-colored and the swarthy, the last sometimes as dark as Spaniards, in striking contrast to the delicate complexions you so often see under the black shawls of their women-folk. In the hills round here especially they are often like the petal of a rose and have beautiful eyes.

Their religion is surely more than Catholic. Its legends seem to bind it up with some primitive age. There is, they tell me, a mountain in Galway to which on Saint John's Eve the country folk go, part of the way on their knees. At one place on our climb to the bogs we were pointed out a hill, the most striking one in the neighborhood, crowded with gravestones as Spion Kop was once with our soldiers, a regular 'high place.' It was from here that Saint Patrick blessed the Shannon.

Rebellion, republicanism, and *jacquerie* seem to have failed to upset the old respect for rank. Possibly you have noticed in the papers the strange case of an Irish Master of Hounds, who, according to the evidence, was found one dark evening in a car with two ruffians and stacks of stuff, most of it bacon, from a neighboring store. One would have to go back to a darker age to find the counterpart outside Ireland. Our old gillie's comment was, 'Sure, twelve months is a heavy sentence and him a gentleman, too!' I understand that one of the difficulties of the Free State army is the class from which its officers are drawn, though its efficiency is, I understand, greater than it used to be.

This brings me to the Irregulars. You will want to know whether there is still any risk to ordinary tourists. This question is a little difficult to answer with absolute certainty. It was only three months, at the first place we stopped at, since the last scrap. From the rising ground near the lake I often admired effects of light on some dreamy hills which lay to the south. On their higher slopes the chessboard pattern of the stone walls gave way to

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heather, and there are, we were told, still plenty of Irregulars there. Some of them apparently come down quite often to the shores of the lake. On at least one of the evenings that we were there there were three of them drinking in the bar of the hotel. The night before we left I was on my way there to ask an old fisherman for particulars about flies, when I was hastily bundled out by our host. We were warned to take our guns to our rooms every night. We were not the only sportsmen. The Irregulars are, it would seem, having the time of their lives. I heard of no pillage or aggressive behavior on their part, — the innkeeper says that the sons of some of the best people in the country are with them, — but like Robin Hood of old, they shoot game anywhere they wish. Our host informed us, indeed, with rather a snort, that his boy had received an invitation from them to shoot at one of the big places in the district. This evidently went beyond his ideas of propriety. Like Robin Hood's merry men, too, the Irregulars can always get a good meal from the countryfolk anywhere they call. Our own safety was, we were assured, guaranteed by the company of his son and our old poacher. From this it seemed a natural inference that we owed our immunity from annoyance to the very thing that for generations has made it so difficult in this island to stamp out sedition, that is, to the friendly relations of the inhabitants with the rebels.

On our way here we hired a Ford car and did a little tour, — by the Shannon's side for the most part, — a drive I shall long remember for its wild beauty. Lough Derg especially impressed us. Our road ran along, often above, the lake, and at times we seemed to see almost its whole twenty-six-mile length spread out below us. On the opposite shore we gradually exchanged the mountains of Galway for those of Clare, until both gave way to the plains in which Limerick lies.

The walls, along the last part of our route, were still plastered with election inscriptions, and most of them appeared to be Republican. One of them represented a man with a pistol in each hand and the legend, 'Don't oblige me to use these again.' In Ballina, opposite Killaloe, there was an advertisement of a dance in aid of the Prisoners' Dependents' Fund.

At Limerick we took the train, and we are now in a district which was described to me in Dublin as the 'six bad counties.' According to our host, the people round are Republicans almost to a man, and one of our shooting companions remarked that he would not care even to-day to make a practice of going always in the same direction to shoot. We met, however, with no mishaps. Guns, of course, are a coveted prize, and shooting takes you into wild places, but I don't believe that an ordinary tourist would run the least risk anywhere we have been.

Whether the country will continue quiet depends on psychological considerations. There are still Irregulars out, and they presumably still have arms. Indeed, as the prisoners are being released and Free State troops disbanded, their ranks may even be swelled. Under these conditions there is naturally plenty of room for gloomy views of the future, for no one can say for certain what the Republicans are going to do, and it is hard for people who have lived among them to imagine anything but a lull. In Dublin the debauch of sentiment of the last few years is over. It has been followed by a cold fit. People there, too, have other things to think about now that they have to look after their own affairs. The West is different. Its spirit was used by the intellectuals in



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the late struggle, but it never was theirs. It seems to come from some primitive elemental force which smoulders on, like a turf fire, long after such movements have spent themselves. It is a permanent factor, to the existence of which no Irish statesman can safely shut his eyes.

There is also a serious thing which affects the far future. The younger generation is said, in the unsettled parts, to be growing up in the ways of hate.

Of the influence of the Church I am not competent to speak. It used to be a power in the land. To-day, people tell me, — often with an emphasis which in itself sets me wondering, — it counts for little politically. But with a peasantry like the Irish, can you separate politics from other things? I feel skeptical myself about the Church having lost its hold permanently, and in this connection one or two small incidents have a certain interest. The maid, in a house which we stayed at, was one day cleaning the grate in front of a blazing fire. 'Oh!' she remarked with a shiver, to her mistress, 'I should never be able to stand hell-fire.' A peasant woman in the hills, a beauty, hastily dropped the handle of a hot saucepan, exclaiming to a lady who was visiting her, 'I should never make a devil.' She was more than half serious, too. But perhaps the best illustration of the sort of hold the Church has over this peasantry is the following chestnut. A priest in a remote village not long ago threatened an erring parishioner that he would turn him into a mouse if he did not mend his ways. The man went home to his wife indignant, scoffing at the absurdity of the priest's claim to such power, and vowing he did not care a rap for him. As they were turning into bed, however, he remarked to the woman, 'You had better put the cat out.' Truth often lies in a good story.

But as regards young Ireland, an even more important question than whether the Church is likely to recover her influence is the direction in which it will be used if it does come back. If I am correctly informed, now that the hot fit has passed there is a tendency to blame her for not restraining crime in past years. As it was put to me, she gave dogma galore, but it was ethics that the people wanted. To-day the hierarchy is all for the Free State; but the Bishops only propose. It is the parish priests who dispose; and in the worst districts the younger ones are said to be still as Republican as ever.

I spoke a moment ago of the relations of the country people with the Irregulars. One often hears the destruction of the last few years deplored and the price Ireland has to pay for it. Surely, you will say, a people in search of tranquillity which nurses such vipers in its bosom is past praying for. Their attitude is no doubt open to the charge of inconsistency, but seeing the number of farmers who have sons among the Irregulars, — some of them had relations in both camps, — it is not an unnatural one. It would anyhow take exceptional courage for an individual to give away the whereabouts of rebels, with the whole countryside — to put it mildly — benevolently neutral. And there is another thing. I doubt whether the Free State troops themselves — and I assume that they see what is going on around them — want to make large hauls, for the official policy at the moment is to let out the prisoners that they have.

There seems to-day to be a kind of tacit understanding, — pessimists call it a lull, optimists give it a more important place, — but whatever it is, the Republicans have clearly no desire

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to break it. The passivity of the winning side is, I imagine, based upon the conviction that their opponents have reached a psychological turning-point. According to this opinion, the Irregulars are hesitating longingly on the threshold of the civilized life they have done so much to spoil, and the effect of a root-and-branch policy of extirpation, whatever else it might achieve, would obviously be to nip in the bud any tendency to repentance. Despair would indeed only lead to the perpetuation of lawlessness. As long, therefore, as the prodigals abstain from positive violence, the attitude of the Free State should also, on this theory, be a passive one, in order to encourage a return en masse to the fold. More than that: there is a feeling that, whatever their misdeeds, they are still Irishmen and brothers, and that the qualities of idealism and determination which some of them possess are needed by their country for her reconstruction.

Would they be put to such a use? They have appealed to physical force and failed. They have appealed to moral force and failed. Will they now see the error of their ways and return to constitutional methods? It seems to me that even in that event — and at the worst it is better than their present behavior — the temptation to follow a well-worn track would be almost irresistible. They would, surely, only enter Irish politics to obstruct, just as the old Irish party used to do at Westminster, their eyes fixed on a single goal.

Yet the atmosphere to-day is one of hope. The success of the new loan has far exceeded all expectations. It is already, I see, not many points behind our own war loan. Hitherto Ireland's credit has been merged in that of the United Kingdom and there has been no way of telling how far it was hit by any internal disorders. The Free State now, however, has in its loan an instrument by which any such effect will be remorselessly registered, and it is well that it should be so.

Then there is the return to more normal conditions. It is not only that one can go about the country again without being held up. Mulcahy on New Year's day made a remarkable speech announcing the end of the military phase. The Army, as you know, is being reduced to 25,000 men. In our own island, where we have not for at least one hundred and fifty years experienced lawless conditions, it is difficult to realize what it means even to get back from military to ordinary justice. There have latterly been several civil executions, among others, one of a Free State soldier. There are also some signs of a more robust mentality in the masses. A demonstration of the kind with which we grew familiar in the last years of Castle rule took place, I am told, at the first of these, an ordinary case of robbery with violence; but it was not repeated at the others. The hunger strikes have also fizzled out.

Gaelic culture, at all events in the extravagant form of the revolutionary period, is less in evidence. If, indeed, one may judge by the inscriptions on shops, the tendency is to a harmless compromise which must, I imagine, be as satisfactory to most Irish customers as it is to myself. The English words are retained, but an Irish touch is given by making the letters, particularly the A's, as like Erse characters as possible. At one of the inns, I expected to find the proprietor's son proud of his Irish. Not a bit of it. His particular conceit was that the best English in the world was spoken in Ireland.

There was a hopeful incident not long ago in one of the districts we passed through. An old lady's house was, we were told, invaded by a gang

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of common nonpolitical ruffians. As she steadfastly refused, in spite of outrageous threats, to write a check for them for £200 she was taken away in a car and some days after found imprisoned in a cow-house. Her captors escaped the ordinary processes of law, but the neighbors themselves tracked down some of them, took them to a solitary place, and horsewhipped them within an inch of their lives. One could not imagine such a thing when I was in Ireland in 1921.

The Irish have often been severely criticized for their passivity under the Terror of a couple of years ago. There were, however, exceptions even when it was at its worst. A priest in one of the hottest districts showed, it is said, one Sunday in his sermon that he considered it no murder to kill a policeman, whereupon one of the congregation got up and went out. One has to know Ireland, and the Ireland of that time, to realize the courage it took to act the part of an Abdiel.

The cloud of the Boundary question remains on the horizon. In this connection the prospect of having a Government at Whitehall which has no ties with Ulster except with Northern workingmen is welcomed, but there seems to be less tendency than one would have expected to try to use Labor for Irish purposes, and the loyal behavior of the Conservative Government is recognized. There is a natural hope that the fear of Socialist legislation will make the North less averse to Union than she was, at all events to a Customs union. Possibly the report of the Fiscal Commission and the success of the loan will tell in that direction. The Boundary bogey is, however, still a real peril, and the risk of the Ulster question becoming once again a pawn in English politics is obvious.

I find more faith in the present Government than there was. It has its faults, and its personnel are not all on the same level, but its faults are not the kind that we feared. Its courage is admitted by everyone I have met, and there seems to be general satisfaction at the start that has been made.

The far future is on the knees of the gods, as it is for all of us. I cannot, personally, claim on this trip to have been very deep in anything but bog; still, in spite of qualms, I feel more confident than I have felt after my previous visits. It may be that the charm of the country has on this occasion predisposed me to optimism. I have given you the impressions on which it is based, so that you can probably judge better than I can. I admit the spell of the Irish atmosphere. Of all my impressions, however, I have not yet mentioned one which stands out in my memory more vividly than anything else: a thrush singing one morning as if his throat would burst, on the shore of a Shannon lake, as we set off with our guns for the hills.

The spring, at all events, comes early to Ireland.

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# THE CASE FOR CHINA

BY Y. P. TSAI

*[Mr. Tsai, who is Rector of the University of Peking, was formerly Minister of Public Instruction in China. A few paragraphs, mainly historical, have been omitted from the original article.]*

From *La Revue Bleue, February 2*
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OUR remoteness from Europe and the peculiarities of our language have made it very difficult for us to explain ourselves to the Western world. The books of travelers who hurry through our vast territories in a few months, the more pretentious studies of superficial observers, and a flood of half-informed newspaper articles, have so distorted the true face of China to Europe that we are still considered a mysterious and incomprehensible race. But for those who really know my country the differences between the East and the West are more apparent than real. The basis of the civilizations of the Orient and the Occident is about the same. If we study those civilizations closely we discover that they have even passed through similar stages of evolution, although one, for several reasons, has progressed more rapidly than the other. The renaissance of Europe, occasioned by an influx of learning from neighboring lands of older and higher culture, has long since come and gone; while China's renaissance is just beginning. China's immediate neighbors, except India, have never possessed a high civilization, and she has therefore of necessity followed an independent and slower course of evolution.

Let us now compare briefly the historical stages of development of European and Chinese civilization. Europe's civilization goes back to ancient Egypt, ancient Greece, and ancient Rome. Later still, contact with Arab culture and a reflux of Græco-Latin culture from Byzantium produced the Renaissance. Since then the constant progress of the arts and sciences has created what we call modern civilization.

China likewise can trace her civilization back to remote antiquity. Between the twenty-seventh century and the twelfth century B.C. she already practised agriculture and the industrial arts, possessed an extensive commerce, and maintained settled political and social institutions, such as a feudal system, elective rulers, regularly promulgated laws, and public schools. Her people knew something of astronomy and medicine. They had developed music, sculpture, and painting. In respect to cultural progress, the China of that period may be compared with ancient Egypt.

From the twelfth century to the third century B.C. was the classical period of China's civilization. Not only were her political and administrative institutions fully formed, but she had evolved a precise and detailed code of manners, governing even the fashion of eating, drinking, dressing, attending the sick, and burying the dead. Something was known of geology and chemistry. Technical works were written upon mining, metallurgy, goldworking, dyeing, the manufacture of porcelain, and the textile industry.



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Education was organized from the primary school to the university. A prudent system of personal hygiene was inculcated. Musical rhythm, color harmony, the selection of patterns and materials for fabrics, were all governed by rules recognized in the beaux arts of to-day.

Turning to the domain of the intellect, our philosopher Ki Tzu considered fire, water, wood, metal, and the earth the five natural elements, as did the philosopher Empedocles. Confucius, who codified our rules of conduct, used the dialogue as a pedagogical instrument in the same manner as Socrates. Lao Tzu and Chuang Tzu both deduced from metaphysics rules for the conduct of everyday life, as did Plato. Mai Tzu taught mathematics, physics, logic, politics, and ethics, much as did Aristotle. It was an age enriched by many other great thinkers, — philosophers or lawmakers, — who recall not unworthily the philosophers and jurists of Greece and Rome, who were their contemporaries.

During the first century of the Christian era, Buddhism reached China from India. This Hindu doctrine had many points in common with the metaphysics of Lao Tzu and Chuang Tzu, but it far surpassed the teachings of the latter in profundity, and quickly won a large number of adherents. During this period Buddhist works, translated from Hindu or written by Chinese Buddhist scholars, multiplied until they formed a literature in themselves. Several new sects branched off from this movement, so that the history of Chinese thought during that era is possibly more interesting than the period of Neo-Platonism in Europe.

Between the eleventh and seventeenth centuries A.D. the followers of Confucius developed the native doctrines of China with the aid of Indian philosophy. Their stern, severe, and rigorous discipline resembled that of the Stoics. Their subtlety and depth of thought allied them with the scholastic philosophers. On the whole, this period may be said to correspond with the Middle Ages in Europe.

Beginning with the eighteenth century, Chinese scholars began to interest themselves widely in the origin of language, and in history and archæology. Their methods were identical with those used by European savants. This constituted the dawn of the renaissance in my country; but as the natural sciences were still unknown, the field of intellectual interest was still narrow. It is only within the last thirty years that China's scholars, educated in their own country or in Europe or America, have brought contemporary European culture to their country. This has wrought a revolutionary change in our ways of thinking, comparable with that which followed — nearly twenty centuries ago — the introduction of Hindu philosophy. We have been affected as Europe was by its contact with Arab civilization. We are still in the first stages of a Chinese renaissance.

At the present time not only our intellectual leaders, but our merchants and manufacturers — in a word, all the thinking classes of the nation — are busily mastering Western thought and revising and amending our ancient doctrines and arts, so as to accommodate them to the present age.

The number of schools established by the Central Government, by provincial and local authorities, and by individuals is increasing daily, as is the number of pupils in attendance. The education of girls, neglected hitherto, has made wonderful strides. Young women are to be found to-day in all our universities and in some of our technical schools. Side by side with these modern establishments, schools of the

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old type continue to carry on in the country districts. Every year several thousand young people of both sexes are sent to Europe or America to study. All are working together to promote our renaissance.

I shall now proceed to examine some of the fundamental ideas upon which Chinese civilization has been based through our long history of five thousand years. We shall see that this civilization harmonizes remarkably well with the civilization of Europe, and that in a not distant future Chinese and Europeans will discover how many substantial intellectual and moral ties bind them together.

The first of these is democracy. According to Mencius, one of our most brilliant philosophers, it was the custom in the twenty-fourth century B.C. for the successors to the throne, after being nominated by the titular sovereign, to be approved by the people. According to Ki Tzu, a philosopher of the twelfth century B.C., the ancient sovereigns before making any important decision consulted not only their ministers but also the whole body of citizens. In the same century a kind of referendum was already in use. The emperors expressed this by saying: 'Heaven looks through the eyes of our subjects, and hears through their ears.' In other words, they declared that the will of the people was supreme. The philosopher Mencius also said: 'The people are more important than the sovereign,' and 'When the sovereign wishes to bestow an office upon a person, it is essential that that person be first judged suitable for that office by the people; and if the emperor wishes to punish a person, that person must first be adjudged guilty by the people.' Monarchs and public officials have always been ranked in China by their popularity among the commons.

The nobility, which resembled the Roman patriciate and for a time gathered political power into its hands, was attacked in the sixth century B.C. by Confucius and by Mai Tzu. Two hundred years later its prestige and privileges had largely disappeared, and in the third century B.C. it vanished entirely. Since that date every officer of the State, every functionary, has been either elected by the people or selected by the Government through competitive examinations. These democratic traditions explain why the reformers of 1911 were able to overthrow the Empire and found a republic with such ease.

Let us now turn to internationalism. Chinese rulers of the twenty-fourth century B.C. are consistently described by historians as pacifiers of nations. Confucius divides political evolution into three stages: in the first period, only the citizens of one country are considered as members of the same family, and the citizens of all other countries are regarded as strangers; in the second period, the citizens of civilized countries are looked upon as members of one family, and only savages are considered strangers; in the third period, all savages have been civilized, all the world has become wise, and everybody is regarded as a member of one great family. That is what Confucius calls 'the epoch of the great peace' — the Age of Gold.

Yang Chu, one of the most brilliant disciples of Confucius, has developed the ideas of his master in his book called *Tachio* — The Great Study. After discussing and analyzing the principles of government, he indicates those policies that most conduce to the pacification of the world. There is not in the whole history of Chinese philosophy and political writing a single thinker who preaches chauvinism.

Let us now pass to a comparatively

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modern movement in the West — pacifism and antimilitarism. Since patriotism in the narrow, sectional, and racial sense of the word was never taught by our ancient philosophers, they naturally condemned acts of aggression, policies of conquest, and what we call imperialism. Without exception they preached the doctrine that true conquest consists in civilizing other nations through moral agencies. Our historians relate an interesting anecdote that illustrates this. In the twenty-third century B.C., during the Yu Dynasty, the land of Yomiao, whose people were primitive and savage, refused to pay homage to the Emperor. Soldiers were sent to subdue them, but they resisted. Thereupon the Emperor Yu recalled his troops and began to perfect his institutions at home. Not long after that, the historians tell us, the people of Yomiao voluntarily made their submission.

Confucius says: 'If the people of other lands are unwilling to become subject to you, improve your culture, perfect your institutions, and thus win their hearts and judgment.' Mai Tzu, a philosopher of the age of Confucius, taught that while it is well to have a strong army to defend the country, it is criminal to pursue imperialist policies, and compared nations that did so to hordes of common brigands. In the seventh century B.C. a whole philosophical school sprang up to propagate the doctrine of anti-aggression. Mencius says that 'whoever boasts of his skill as a soldier is a criminal, and those who excel in war ought to be put to death.'

These pacifist and antimilitarist doctrines have never lost their hold upon Chinese thought. Since that time our writers and poets have always depicted war as horrible and have sung the blessings of peace.

Let us next consider Communism and relations between classes. Antagonism between capital and labor is one of the most serious problems of our epoch. The Russian Revolution sent a thrill of fear through the entire world. Some people think that China will follow in the footsteps of the Bolsheviki. Let me hasten to say that a 'terror,' whether it be red, white, or any other color, has little chance of finding favor among the Chinese. We did, at one time, have a Communism of a much pleasanter kind in China. According to the philosopher Mencius and later historians, private property in land did not exist in China from the twentieth century to the fourth century B.C. All land belonged to the State. It was divided into tracts of nine hundred mus, equivalent to about 125,000 acres. Each of these tracts was subdivided into nine smaller tracts of one hundred mus, of which one was cultivated directly for the profit of the Government, and the eight others distributed to eight families or clans. Each family tilled its own land, and all joined together to till the land belonging to the State. When a citizen became twenty years old he received a holding, which he returned to the Government when he reached the age of sixty. Those below the age of twenty and above the age of sixty were supported by the State. Efforts were made to restore this system in the first, fifth, and eleventh centuries A.D., but without success; yet even to-day it has many partisans, especially among the educated classes.

There is a very old adage in China which says: 'If a man does not labor, one person goes hungry; if a woman does not spin, one person goes cold.' To work is the duty of every citizen. In the fourth century B.C. we had an odd philosopher in China — he might be called a Labor Radical — named Hsün Tzu, who taught that the mon-

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arch himself ought to cultivate the land in the same way as his subjects, in order not to be supported by them.

Confucius said: 'We should not be distressed if the citizens are few, but we should be distressed if each does not receive an equal share of what all produce; we should not be disturbed because the citizens are poor, but because they are discontented on account of the inequality of riches.' He has also said: 'It is not well for wealth to be left buried in the ground, but it is not necessary that it should belong to you. It is not well if you neglect to use your strength in productive labor, but it is not necessary that you should work for yourself alone.' Throughout the whole philosophy of China the principle is recognized that excessive wealth and excessive poverty are wrong. Primogeniture does not exist. The estates of the parents invariably descend equally to all the children. Thus great fortunes are subdivided within a few generations. Immemorial custom requires the rich to maintain their needy relatives and friends, to assist them to earn their own living, to establish charitable foundations, such as setting aside land the revenue of which shall be used to support the aged and the poor, to found free schools, hospitals, and orphanages, and in some cases to build bridges and highways, and to erect shelters for travelers.

In China the wealthy usually live almost as simply as the poor. For that reason the poor have seldom hated the rich. Although within the last dozen years or so great corporations and modern industrial establishments have grown up in China, the antagonism between capital and labor is not as yet strong. Measures developed in Europe and America for the protection of the working people are being adopted, and most of the new corporations are owned by a great number of shareholders. A concentration of capital in the hands of a few great magnates is hardly to be feared.

If we are to have Communism in China, it will be a pacific Communism, without the relentless class-struggle preached by Karl Marx.

The last fundamental principle common to Chinese and to modern European civilization is liberty of conscience. The philosopher Aristotle praised in his day 'the golden mean.' But his doctrine was not generally applied in Europe, although it was taught by Confucius, whose grandson wrote a work upon that very topic, 'the golden mean,' neither too much nor too little, the point where opposites harmonize. The general acceptance of this doctrine explains why China has never had religious wars, although Europe has been drenched in blood because of them.

Our most ancient religion is ancestor worship. This was developed and rationalized by the Confucian school, becoming a positive cult without any alloy of superstition. It is based wholly on respect for the memory of one's ancestors, and in its positive aspect resembles closely the humanist religion of Auguste Comte.

Side by side with ancestor worship, as developed by Confucius, was another religion descended from the polytheism of a primitive age: Taoism. But no discord has ever arisen between this somewhat superstitious cult and Confucianism. Neither was there any conflict when Buddhism was introduced into China. Instead of challenging that new doctrine, Chinese scholars studied it with enthusiasm, seeking to find points of identity between it and the older beliefs. In a word, instead of exaggerating differences of doctrine, China's thinkers have always sought to harmonize them — for love of harmony is the very soul of

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Chinese thought. Mohammedanism and the various forms of Christianity have received the same benevolent welcome. Indeed, many works have been written on the common teachings of Christianity and Confucianism. To be sure, doctrinal quarrels have sometimes occurred among the official representatives of different sects, but they seldom have spread to the people themselves.

Liberty of conscience and liberty of worship were universally recognized in China long before they were inscribed among the political institutions of the West.

# UNIVERSITIES UNDER THE REPUBLIC

BY CHRISTIAN HERRMANN

From *La Revue de Genève, February*
(Swiss Political and Literary Monthly)

Germany has been discussing her university crisis for several years. At first very few understood what it was all about. Gradually, however, the public has become aware that it faces a very complex as well as important problem, which must be examined from every side — the historical, the pedagogic, and the social. We all see clearly the failure of the university, its incapacity to accommodate itself to the exigencies and conditions of our times. We realize fully how dwarfed the spiritual structure of the university is, compared with the needs of the world that surrounds it. Finally, we conclude that the university represents only one facet of a many-sided and all-inclusive question.

In truth, behind this problem lies the whole malady of contemporary culture and civilization — that chaotic conglomeration of new and old elements as yet jumbled together without organic union. The moment we realize the position that the universities hold in our hierarchy of educational institutions, the moment we begin to reflect upon the direct and indirect influence that they exert upon the spiritual life of the nation, we perceive that the university crisis is intimately associated with the breakdown and total transformation — still in its beginning — of our present social structure.

The interest that the condition of our universities has aroused among the better-educated circles of every land proves that these institutions reflect like a mirror the spiritual, social, and economic status of Germany.

German universities are characterized — and differentiated from many institutions of that name elsewhere — by combining teaching and research. They are quite as much research institutions as places of instruction. Their teaching is designed to furnish the State and the great economic organizations with functionaries possessing the legal, economic, or technical training necessary for their tasks. They also are supposed to equip teachers, doctors, and clergymen with the scientific training demanded in their professions.

Now the public has a right to expect not only that the universities shall give

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students a knowledge of the facts they will employ in their future careers, but that they shall also train them to put those facts to practical use. However, only in the case of medicine have the universities hitherto performed this duty reasonably well. In all the other faculties the tie between teaching and the practical application of what is taught has been very slender. It is practically nonexistent in the faculty of philosophy, which in Germany includes philology, literature, mathematics, and the natural sciences.

Therefore, the university, which should prepare a young man for a career, seldom fulfills that duty. It merely gives him the scientific foundation — the theoretical knowledge for his future lifework. More than that, the university fills the young man's mind with facts that are of no use whatever in his future pursuits. Of what practical importance is it for a clergyman to know the exact sources of the Pentateuch, or for a school-teacher to master philological obscurities that he will never use in the classroom?

This defect is closely associated with the dual nature of the German university: as a teaching and a research institution. Instruction is given by savants, whose professional advancement and success depend primarily upon their research achievements. It is quite natural, therefore, that they should consider it all-important to train young men in scientific methods and to make them primarily researchers. So the system of instruction is based on the fiction that the entire student body has gathered at the alma mater to learn scientific methods, and to acquire skill in research technique. But the students who will really devote their life to such tasks form scarcely three per cent of the total. Clearly, then, the university is not fulfilling its principal function.

Obviously, the two tasks that a university is expected to perform are in one sense mutually contradictory. So far as the institution prepares its students for practical professions, it must deal with science as a tool. . . . So far as it is a research institution, it must deal with science as an end in itself.

This inconsistency is so obvious that numerous projects are in the air for reorganizing our universities, so as to adapt them to these two distinct functions. It is suggested that there should be a section, enrolling a great majority of the students, devoted to preparing men for practical vocations; and another section — a sort of Platonic Academy — for a little group of young men, highly gifted for such pursuits, who shall be trained specifically for scientific research. But if this reform is carried out, the German university as we know it to-day will cease to exist.

Shortly before the war the disassociation between the university and the people reached a point where the former completely lost contact with the nation's spiritual life. The faculties were hypnotized by research, and carefully abstained from generalizing or taking definite positions toward the problems of the day. They dealt with the past with an air of cold detachment. No historian discussed the period subsequent to 1870. No critic occupied himself with contemporary art and literature. Naturally, therefore, university teachers paid no attention to politics and public affairs. Even if their devotion to scientific research had left them leisure for such topics, their objective habit of thought would have effectually prevented their taking an interest in such questions. Therefore, it is a mistake to assume, as people abroad are wont to do, that our professors had become reactionary. This would have implied definite political opinions,

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adopted after considerable research and weighing of arguments — tasks that they refused to undertake. Since the war and the revolution, many professors have become hostile to the new Government, but this is due to their personal economic hardships and their loss of social status under the new order.

What I have just said of politics is equally true of other fields of thought. Indeed, the universities had ceased to exercise any appreciable influence on public life. Social controversies that agitated the masses of the population to the depths, religious movements and awakenings, tendencies in art and literature, were not influenced by the universities: indeed, the universities were unaware of them.

Since the war, however, a notable change has occurred. To-day several very prominent professors are taking an active part in public life. Professor Radbruck, the Kiel jurist, who is a member of the Socialist Party, was until recently Minister of Justice; Professor Troeltsch, who teaches philosophy at Berlin, and Professor Becker, the Orientalist, have both been active, in various official capacities, in educational reform. Professor Hellpach of Carlsruhe, the psychologist, has been Minister of Public Instruction. Many others are members of the Reichstag. Political interest is even livelier among the younger members of the teaching corps, who have less confirmed habits of mind and scholastic traditions. University men in politics are divided among all the groups from the extreme Left to the extreme Right, but most of them are Moderates. However, many of the younger faculty members show strong sympathies with the Left.

Coincident with this awakened interest in public affairs has been the appearance of courses dealing with recent and contemporary history. In most cases these are conducted in a scientific and impartial spirit. Great tolerance is shown for political views not held by the professor in charge. These courses are a symptom that the university must occupy itself scientifically with the political, economic, and social problems of the day. That idea is responsible for the recent establishment at Berlin of a *Hochschule für Politik*, distinct from the university itself, but with its faculty drawn for the most part from the latter's teaching body.

This brings us to the important question of the attitude of the students toward the new courses. About seventy per cent of them are known to have Conservative leanings. The reason for this is primarily social. The classes that formerly were well-to-do, and that still supply a majority of the matriculants, have been impoverished by the war and its results. Their members attribute this impoverishment to the new régime. This is a mistaken idea, for which the lack of previous political training is largely responsible, and one the new instruction is likely to correct. In any case, the courses are popular with the students, and are already having an appreciable effect upon the political sentiment of the student body.

Meanwhile, the intense agitation prevailing in every field of thought has forced representatives of other sciences to emerge from academic retirement and take a position with regard to the problems of the day in their domain. Unquestionably the religious distress and confusion of our age are due in no small part to the aloofness our theological scholars previously showed toward the religious life of the masses. In their preoccupation with questions of higher criticism and research, they failed to keep in touch with the world drift of religious feeling. Here again there has been a significant change of

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attitude. The University of Berlin has accepted an endowment to provide competitive prizes for students of Steiner's anthroposophy. Scholars like Rade at Marburg and Niebergell at Jena are following with lively interest the religious aspirations of our epoch. Max Dessoir, the philosopher, has subjected to critical examination, both in his courses and in his public lectures, current occultist and theosophic doctrines. Philosophy, which has abstained too long from the consideration of contemporary opinions, at last realizes that its first duty is to give a scientific explanation for these fundamental phenomena.

The effort to correlate teaching more closely with the practical problems of contemporary life has had another excellent result: the erection of people's universities. These existed in a few cities before the war, but since the revolution they have been established everywhere. They are usually supported by the municipal government. In towns where there is already a university, the coöperation of those institutions is secured; and members of the regular faculties give popular courses. The general object is not only to present a résumé of contemporary learning, but to encourage the average citizen to think independently. This direct contact with the people will undoubtedly react on the interests and the pedagogical methods of the universities themselves.

I cannot conclude this review without some reference to the serious economic difficulties in which our higher institutions of learning are involved. Their incomes have not risen in even approximate proportion to the depreciation of the mark. They are hardly able to purchase the simplest chemicals and instruments for their laboratories. Expensive apparatus is hopelessly out of their reach. A few examples will illustrate this better than any amount of general explanation.

The Cancer Institute attached to the University of Berlin, which, in addition to its strictly scientific work, maintains a clinic and a department for radium treatment, has been obliged to curtail radically its useful service. Instead of three assistants, it can now support but two. It has difficulty in continuing even its investigations upon rats and mice, which cost eight million marks a month. Experiments upon rabbits, which were very important, have had to be relinquished. It is under inexpressible obligations to foreign countries, and especially to the United States, for funds that have enabled it to purchase and maintain Roentgen apparatus, and instruments for stereoscopic photography, which cost to-day many billions of marks. Had it not been for this aid, the Institute would already have been forced to close its doors.

That is typical of what is occurring everywhere. Our botanical and zoölogical institutions, which are compelled to import seeds, plants, and animals from distant parts of the earth, can no longer procure the material indispensable for their researches. Here again we owe an incalculable debt of gratitude to foreigners. The Botanical Garden of Buitenzorg, in Java, for example, has replaced many specimens which had been lost and could not be obtained since the war. But since it is no longer possible to finance expeditions abroad, and it is impossible in most cases to purchase the most important foreign books in special fields, the general level of instruction and research is certain to decline. Even elementary books are often lacking. The simplest manuals of Chinese and ancient Egyptian have been worn out and are no longer obtainable. Medical

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textbooks, such as every student used to possess, now command impossible prices. Fields of scholarship to which Germany formerly made honorable contribution, such as Egyptology, Assyriology, Indology, and Sinology, seem likely to be entirely abandoned for want of students.

The country's economic distress reflects itself in a diminished number of matriculants in almost every course of study, particularly in the smaller institutions. Before the war our twenty-five universities had 62,000 students. To-day the total is only 46,000. This year the medical school of the University of Rostock did not enroll a single new student, as compared with an average of twenty-eight annually before the war. The dental department of the University of Berlin, whose new building was finished before the war, has accommodations for three hundred students, or forty entrance students each semester. Last winter not a single German registered, although a great many foreigners — mostly Scandinavians — did so. The decline in the number of professional students, especially in medicine and dentistry, is an index of the hardships that the members of these professions are suffering. Professors, most of whose income is received from honoraria paid by the students who attend their courses, are naturally in a precarious situation. To-day the annual receipts of a regular professor represent in purchasing power about 2400 pre-war marks, or $600 in American currency. Privatdocents, who give a large share of the instruction, have no fixed income except that derived from their pupils.

However, if our universities survive these dark days, the experience may prove a blessing. Before the war there was a tendency to spread out research. We shall now be compelled to intensify it. The fact that our instruction is more thorough and delves deeper into the heart of things than formerly, proves that in spite of our present distress new vigor is asserting itself in our academic life.

## THE TWO HEIDELBERGS

BY F. STEPUN

From *Dni, January 6 and 10*
(Berlin Conservative-Social Russian-Language Daily)

Long-known places are like old acquaintances, like old friends. To meet them after a lengthy separation is always painful, even though we may be glad to see them again.

I had not been in Heidelberg for sixteen years. My brother and I arrived there in the evening. The streets were dark and deserted. The air was moist, hazy, close, like that of a greenhouse, and seemed laden with remembrances. The old Hotel Victoria, where our mother always stopped, stood close at hand. An ancient doorman met us — his hair was white as snow, he was quite bent, but he recognized us at once, spoke to us with an aged man's emotion at meeting someone of the old

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times, '*wo alles noch so anders war.*' He informed us that during the last year or two several of his former Russian student friends had turned up again in Heidelberg — '*all' Ihre bekannten russischen Herrn.*' Not long ago he saw X, '*dem es augenscheinlich sehr gut geht,*' and Z, '*den die Revolution bös zugerichtet.*' He chatted on about things he did not half understand. He did not know that the Z whom 'the revolution seems to have treated badly,' had lived for some time in a corner of an insane asylum, because he had no other shelter. . . .

We walked to the University. Old, small, modest, it rose before us in the darkness, familiar beyond expression. We sat down upon a bench, each deep in his own memories. The fog grew thinner, and a turret and a half-ruined wall of the old Castle became visible high up over the University. Clouds began to detach themselves from the mountain-side and finally the moon appeared. We rose and sauntered back to the old bridge, where the view of the Neckar, the town, and the Castle, is still more romantic and classic. Slowly, deliberately, twelve clear but melancholy bells sounded from the tower, and as they sounded, the forms of my old professors filed through my memory.

First, Windelband — a fat, heavy man with a short neck and a head very small behind, who wore a parted beard and had an unexpectedly high treble voice. He would enter the auditorium, his stiff, gouty legs moving in mincing steps, screw up the stool to suit his height, and, out of breath from this mild exertion, pronounce the first words of his lecture in a labored whisper. This done, he would extract from the left pocket of his roomy coat a small notebook, press down its stubborn leaves with the knuckles of two fingers, after considerable effort find his glasses, which hung on a broad black ribbon but had a habit of going astray on the ample front of his spacious abdomen. Not until these glasses straddled his stubby nose would he finally launch forth into the body of his lecture.

He was no brilliant speaker, but he read admirably. We felt that he strenuously experienced in his own mental life every thought he presented; that each theory or system he explained stood out before his eyes like a long-familiar face. His sentences were always lucid, his lectures were graphic in their clearness, and each formed a complete whole. As a philosopher, Windelband was first of all an historian, and as an historian, he was not only a great scholar but a great artist. When he described the last hours of Socrates, the imprisonment and burning of Giordano Bruno, or Kant's ten-year silence as he cogitated his *Critique of Pure Reason*, Windelband would turn pale and his whole person would seem to irradiate one of the rarest feelings in our days — an ecstasy of veneration.

In such moments his otherwise unimpressive figure appeared unmistakably Socratic.

Next to Windelband, the famous philologist Albrecht Dietrich towered high among the leading members of the philosophic faculty. Tall, stocky, red-cheeked, with unkempt grayish hair and red hands, dressed in negligent German fashion, he surged up to the lecturer's desk, a heavy, asthmatic mass, and overwhelmed his classes with an avalanche of inspiration. He always stood up when lecturing, his head thrown back, making sweeping gestures with his extended arms and from time to time brushing aside a gray lock from his forehead. If one could have seen him on such occasions without hearing him, he would never have guessed that he was watching a professor — and an

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archæologist at that! Dietrich's manner and style were rather those of a political orator. Scholarly as he was, when he lectured on the decline of the ancient religions or the *Symposium* of Plato, he taught, agitated, and preached at once. I do not know what his attitude was toward modern culture; but I am sure that he felt no nearer to it, and to the whole Christian culture, than a newspaper reporter feels to a museum mummy. The whole life of this human soul, so sadly belated in its incarnation, belonged to ancient Hellas. Professor Dietrich loved that country ecstatically, not only as the jewel of humanity's past, but also as our future ideal, as the home of absolute truth and perfect beauty. With all this, he was a typical German, and my fancy rebels at imagining him in a pallium. His rendering of Greek poetry was amazing, but one could not possibly conceive him as a character in a Greek tragedy.

Then there was the small, ruddy-pated, and red-haired professor of political law, Georg Jellinek. He never gave the impression of being a great man. His lectures were very good — clever, fine, and witty; but that was all. He used one gesture that I never saw anyone else employ: he would spread out the fingers of his left hand, straddle them on the bald top of his head, lift his elbow, and apparently make a tremendous effort to drive himself down into the ground, or else to prevent his cranium from blowing up. I never saw Jellinek's habitually tired and skeptical countenance really shine with life and enthusiasm but once. It was at the celebration of Windelband's sixtieth birthday. Jellinek spoke of his friendship for 'Wilhelm' and the impression young Windelband made on all his associates at that period. It seems that he had been considered a genius — another Schelling.

Heinrich Tode, whose spiritual world was entirely colored by Schopenhauer, was, after the death of Kuno Fischer, the only professor who lectured every week '*privatissime et gratis*' in the spacious, dark-paneled hall of the University. The whole town came to hear him. It was as if he were a teacher of life, not merely a professor. The Prince and Princess of Weimar sat in the first row, the local bourgeoisie in their Sunday best came next, and the students occupied the rear. Tode's loyal disciples felt somewhat awkward at seeing him in such an entourage, but those infidelities with the world of fashion were forgiven the 'Meister' on account of his irresistible amiability and charm. His features were, in some ways, more fascinating than his mind. He looked especially impressive on ceremonial occasions, in academic costume, when he resembled a masterpiece of Dürer or Holbein.

Others arose in my memory: the pillars of the mathematical faculty, old Königsberger and ancient, white-haired Kantor; the zoölogist Bütschli, and Lask, who fell on the Austrian front — a man of great gifts and exceptionally powerful and intense mind. As a philosopher he was growing every day, and I believe German philosophy has lost in him one of its most brilliant thinkers.

In the days when I studied at Heidelberg the life of the town was governed in every detail by the University. It was not so much a University town as a town attached to a University. All the residents seemed to live there exclusively in order to rent rooms to the students, to feed them at the cafés and restaurants, to sell them books, to photograph them on foot and on horseback, singly and in groups, with court-plastered scars on their faces, or with dogs; to keep their daughters from flirting too outrageously with students

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and yet to be proud of such romances; to nudge each other when meeting a famous professor on the street, and to retail to each other bits of academic gossip. There was much that was petty in this life, much that smacked of the provincial, but also much that was friendly and noble — frank esteem for the 'Herr Professor,' veneration for intellectual, spiritual labor, respect and love for learning.

What have war and revolution wrought here? This was the question we asked each other when we returned, about one o'clock that night, to our hotel.

The next morning we took our coffee in a hurry. We wanted to see the town, the mountain, the Castle.

We went out. We felt that everything around us was merely a museum of personal reminiscences. We had a shave at the same Willy Bülow's where we used to go sixteen years ago. He looked much the same. The show window of Lebeau's stationery shop displayed the same engraved paper, and the M.S. pattern that my mother used to order had not changed. Dr. Faust, the bookseller, looked a little thinner, and greener in the face. Other shopkeepers recognized us and were overjoyed — not to see us, but because we reminded them of the good old times.

At the end of our first day, we thought Heidelberg much the same idyllic city as in the past, where political passions and the controversies of to-day had not penetrated, where faith in the learning taught by the Heidelberg professors and the honesty of the German burgher were intact and unshaken.

After the second day, however, we began to see that we had mistaken our memories for realities.

And the realities were sadly different. Students were nowhere to be seen. True, faded corporation-caps and banners are still pinned to the restaurant walls. But they are dead relics — withered blossoms in a spinster's chamber. Of course, Heidelberg is still full of young men who attend lectures at the University. But they are not 'students' in the old-time sense; they are no longer the pampered children of the town, who may do everything, to the everlasting enjoyment of everybody. They seem to wear magic capes that render them invisible. Russian students, in particular, have changed entirely. There are many of them; but they do not stroll in groups up and down the *Anlage;* they do not argue — all at the same time — about socialization of land and proletarianization of the peasant; they no longer busy themselves despising every Corps student who passes them and whom they think more stupid than his own bulldog. Indeed the Corps student also has suffered a mysterious eclipse.

Yes, the life of the Heidelberg student has changed and the life of the professors has changed no less. Cold, dreary, monotonous poverty, the 'sovietization' of life so familiar to us, has entered every professor's home.

What is that home? A cold anteroom, a cold hall, two or three rooms heated by a small iron stove that burns your face, leaves your feet ice-cold, and invites chilly drafts from every door and window. Faculty members do not ask guests to dinner or to supper any longer — mostly only to tea; or, if they do ask you to supper, they add: '*Aber bitte nur halb angegessen,*' which means that they will serve only cold rice with syrup, or bread with margarine. This makes a more painful impression than it does even in Russia; for the Germans feel ashamed of their condition and try to keep up appearances. They have hardly anything to serve, but endless dishes load the table. Our host's face



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may be green from undernourishment, but he will wear a stiff white collar.

One old friend said to me: 'The Russian revolution was a great act of destiny — the German revolution was nothing but a scandal.' Not all of them put it precisely this way, perhaps, but some similar thought probably hovers in every mind.

No professor buys books — he sells those he owns. The amount allowed by the Government for new seminar books is not enough to buy even ink. Professors' salaries are a subject to be shunned. The fall of the mark sometimes reduces their income by one half between sunrise and sunset. Poor humble figures in professors' hats, the inseparable umbrella in hand, wander for hours from bank to bank, from store to store, in frantic efforts to 'stabilize' in one way or another their disappearing pennies, embarrassed by their own unwonted business zeal, and harboring a guilty feeling that they are speculators. I listened with a feeling akin to shame to an old acquaintance, a great scholar, who tried in roundabout ways to suggest to me that since I was going to change my dollars anyway, it might be just as well to sell them to him, because — and so forth.

If it is true that the history of philosophy is the record of the human intellect as a cultural force, then the decline of the University of Heidelberg may be traced back to the deepest hidden springs of national life. Before the war scientific rationalism was the leading force of Germany, and strictly rationalistic philosophy held undisputed sway in every German university.

To-day this school of thinking fares badly indeed in Heidelberg. A whole army of new men of widely varying intellectual ability has taken up arms against it. A very interesting teacher, quite new in university circles, and a brilliant speaker, now wields enormous influence. He is Professor Gundolf, the author of the best, indeed the first real book on Goethe, a fanatical supporter of personality as the determining factor in life and history. He opposes vigorously the abstract rationalism of the academic philosophy formerly taught at Heidelberg. The next in popularity is Professor Jaspers. College ethics prevent him from opposing too openly the Heidelberg tradition, but his philosophic system does so for him: it is based on psychology and a peculiar variety of metaphysics.

Other interesting things have happened. Professor Ehrenberg, for instance, has published a book entitled *The Return of a Heretic*, which begins thus: 'At last the dragon of science is scotched, and we must now set our heels on his head.' The author, besides being professor, is also a priest, and between his sermons on Christian logic he delivers fiery speeches to his Social-Democratic comrades. He is a member of a group that has its own publishing house — a practice not uncommon in present-day Germany.

When I left Heidelberg I found that my bills were about double what they had been in neighboring Freiburg. When I asked for an explanation, the answer was one word: 'Ludwigshafen.' All prices in Heidelberg are regulated by the 'Black Bourse' on the neighboring German-French frontier.

Yes, indeed, Heidelberg has changed.

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# CIRCUIT-RIDING FOR KHADI

BY C. R.

[*India's effort to revive her homespun industries as a step toward economic and political independence presents some parallels with a similar movement in the American Colonies during our own pre-Revolutionary agitation. Gandhi and the Non-Coöperationists, as is generally known, are the principal exponents of the 'return-to-khadi' — or homespun — gospel.*]

From *Young India, February* 21
(GANDHI WEEKLY)

I HAVE been going about with the Khadi Board in Karnatak. The romance and joy of it and the prospects are truly wonderful. We regretted much we had not a camera with us. There were so many beautiful scenes that we should have liked to preserve and show to others.

'Where are we going?' I asked.

'To villages not far from here,' said Mr. Dumbal and Mr. Deshpande in one voice, as if to cheer me up.

'Are we going in these carts?' asked Mr. Shankerlal, glancing apologetically at me, for he felt I was not equal to the trial of an ox-cart journey.

'Yes,' said I.

In fact I prefer bullock carts to bad motor-cars. So we jumped into the carts. The bullocks were fine animals, but there was no road. We followed a track, or rather waterway, improved in some places with rough pavement which added to the vibrations of the springless ox-carts. There was a hillock in front of us with the ruins of a fine old fort on it.

'What is that?' I asked.

'That is Pachapur,' said Mr. Gangadhar Rao.

We crossed two rivulets and went up the steep track and reached the foot of the hill. The village was on the slopes. The fort itself had no houses. The carts stopped at the entrance of the village.

'This is the weavers' village,' said Mr. Dumbal. 'We should go on now to Sigehalli, one of the spinners' villages, and on our way back we halt at Pachapur.'

So we got on to the carts again and proceeded to Sigehalli. The journey was well worth the trouble. It was one of a group of villages which sent yarn every week to the Pachapur market, where the weavers bought it up for making *khadi*. They weave khadi on their own account, though under Indian Congress supervision.

We were in a temple, where all the women had gathered to meet us. They had brought their wheels and slivers with them and spun before us. The wheels turned as they do under practised hands, like live things under affectionate mistresses. The wheels were carved and were black junglewood, not teakwood, at once showing that they were survivals of the past glorious period when every housewife plied her wheel and distress was unknown. We fell to talking. I was commissioned to be the talker on behalf of the Board and Shankerlal took notes. But soon we forgot the official character of our business. A young Lingayat woman who voluntarily took up the conversation was so bright, so quick, and so direct in her answers that we thought we were at a benefit play staged in aid of the movement.



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We complimented her on her wit and cleverness; but this led an old lady in the company to intervene.

'Her husband is much cleverer,' the old lady said. We could not guess the motive for this comparison. But we asked whether the man was there. He was immediately summoned by the old lady and we discussed affairs with him. Everything was settled as we wanted. The men and women promised to work up the Gandhi ideal: the villagers to get all their cloth woven out of their own yarn.

The Karnatak wheels are bigger than the Tiruppur wheels. They measure 19 inches in diameter, and the spindle is turned on a diameter less than quarter of an inch. The parts are beautifully simple and of cheap stuff. The axle is of wood and turns very smoothly. The wheel is heavy enough and the joining is good. They may not come up to the Ashram wheel, but they suit the women very well. More than that, it costs only a rupee to make a new wheel. The men bring the wood from the jungle, and the village carpenter wants only a rupee to make it.

'The charkhas were all lying in the attics these thirty years,' said the old lady. 'During the last three years they have been taken down and are all moving now.'

'Do you like it?' we asked.

'Oh! Don't we?' cried all of them.

They all had more money now as their own. They were independent of their men. They even helped in defraying the family expenses. The status of woman has gone up by a bound in these villages after Mahatmaji's message reached them.

The spinners in these villages are mostly Lingayats. They have their own fields and have their own cotton. And they sell the yarn in well-made 'sheels' of standard length. Five of these sheels will make eight yards of cloth 42 inches wide and four are enough for this same length 36 inches wide.

The village we saw had twenty-five houses and there were twenty charkhas plying. Another village consisted of two hundred houses and had one hundred wheels running. There were altogether eight hundred charkhas working in the villages and supplying yarn to the Pachapur weekly market. They ply all the year round, except from January to March when the women are engaged in picking cotton. The women do the ginning on stone slabs, rubbing the seeds out with an iron rod worked by their feet. They spin four to six hours a day, making about ten tolas. The carding is done by the Pinjaries in Pachapur at one anna per pound. The spinners themselves make their slivers.

'If we give a quarter-seer of jowari, they card better than usual,' said Basuamma. How beautiful is the human touch in all this!

She said she made eight rupees a month from her own yarn.

'Do you like your wife to do this work?' we asked her husband.

'Of course I do,' he said. 'I encourage my girls also to spin."

Even the men have now taken to spinning, and there is a demand for more wheels, which they will get made.

Many of the men wear khadi made in their own village. But the sad part of it was that the women who spun did not wear khadi sarees. Basuamma's had been bought in Belgaum, and was made of yarn from the Gokak mills. It cost her nine rupees and she buys two such sarees per year, out of her own money made from the sale of her charkha yarn.

'Why don't you get your own yarn woven into sarees?'

'They won't make it for us,' she replied sharply. 'All the sarees on the

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looms in Pachapur are made for Brahman ladies.'

The Pachapur weaver who was present at once said he would do as many sarees for these spinners as they wanted.

'Then we can have no objection,' she said. 'We will have our own sarees woven and wear them.'

A saree would take three rupees four annas' worth of the spinner's own yarn, Rs. I-15-0 for weaving charges, and Rs. 1-12-0 for dyeing. All the women declared that sarees made of their own yarn would be more durable than the ones they were wearing now, and they would spin even better if it was for their own cloth.

We took a solemn promise from all the men and women that they would get all the cloth needed for both men- and women-folk woven at Pachapur out of their own yarn. They gave this pledge very cheerfully, and the Pachapur weaver also promised to weave for them promptly and well.

We got into the carts again and reached Pachapur, where there were one hundred and fifty Mussulman and twenty Hindu weavers. There are about sixty khadi looms in this village. One Mussulman master-weaver had thirty looms working under him. He buys yarn worth more than a thousand rupees every month. Weaving charges for 36-inch width, including sizing and warping and dyeing charges, were Rs. 1-6-0 for a piece of eight yards. And a man is able to weave eight yards per day, though more time and work were taken up in warping and sizing khadi yarn. He works with a capital of Rs. 3000. He had borrowed Rs. 500 from the Congress Committee, but he has returned it. Ten of his looms weave 50-inch width. He makes about three hundred pieces in the month, of which he is able to sell fifty to sixty pieces locally. He sells to the Congress Committee 36-inch width at Rs. 4 for a piece of eight yards. He said he was making a net profit only of two to three annas a piece. He has no establishment, and does all the supervision besides weaving himself. Formerly he was weaving mill yarn. Now for the last two years he has woven only khadi.

All the khadi-weavers in Pachapur put on khadi; but of the women-folk only a fraction. The weavers of Pachapur confirmed the pledges obtained at Sigehalli. We reached Belgaum late in the evening, but it was a good day's work.

We went to Dharwar, Hubli, Gadag, and Bagalkot and visited some more villages from these places. Karnatak is really a veritable gold-mine in khadi and village self-sufficiency. Honest and diligent work for but a few months can bring about beautiful results.

At Tulsigiri, seven miles from Bagalkot, a venerable old woman was spokesman for the spinners that gathered. Of course she was not so bright and quick as the young woman of Sigehalli, but she was one of those rare women that never stopped plying her charkha, even when India gave up hand-spinning.

'I give my yarn to the Dasa weaver and have cloth woven. He does not know how to make sarees, but I get all the men's clothes for our family done this way.'

There were two of these 'untouchable' — outcast — men weaving khadi in this village. They had never given up weaving handspun, or taken to foreign or mill yarn. The wonderful uniting force of khadi work was seen at once when we called one of the untouchable weavers up and made him sit on the same carpet with us all, and not one of the company objected or was even disturbed by it.

'Why don't you set up another loom,

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so that you may easily weave khadi for all the people of the village out of their yarn?'

He said he had a debt of fifty rupees to the sowcar. The cultivators of Tulsigiri solemnly promised, all of them, to store enough of their best cotton to spin, and get their clothes for men and women woven either by their own village weavers or in the neighboring village at Kaladgi. 'We will meet together,' they said, 'and raise funds to pay up the Dasa's debt and have him set up another loom.'

We went on to Kajjidoul, eighteen miles from Bagalkot. It was a village of Reddies and Kurubars mostly. There were about three hundred houses, and a hundred wheels were working besides twenty *firkis* for spinning wool for blankets. Here too there were two untouchables who kept their looms going on handspun yarn. We saw beautiful yarn in this village. One young woman had — with her sister — made Rs. 150 by sale of her yarn during one year; and she worked at her wheel four hours a day from noon, when she had leisure after attending to her family — which consisted of a son and three little girls, besides herself and her husband. She proudly told us that she paid the Government assessment on the family lands out of her yarn-money. She too complained that the khadi weavers do not make sarees. But when it was promised, she agreed to get her own saree woven at once out of her own yarn.

Mr. Belgaumwalla was so impressed by it all, that he offered a prize to the first spinner in the village who will get her saree made of her own yarn. Of course, the young Reddy woman will carry away the prize.

At Gadag we had very good meetings — one of women, and another of men. Haji Lal Saheb, a fine old Mussulman gentleman, has lands and a big family. He had ten looms weaving the usual foreign and mill yarn. But he gave them up since the movement. Ever since then he has four looms only and all the members of his family work at them. Only handspun yarn is used. He was a picture of happiness. All the clothes on his person were made of khadi woven on his own looms; the turban on his head was of beautiful fine yarn and texture.

Rayappa Bulla, a Lingayat cotton merchant, spins himself, and gets his yarn woven by Haji Saheb. He too had on his person all self-made clothes, and some of the stuff was splendid. Not that he had nothing else to do. He turned over Rs. 8000 in his cotton business and made Rs. 500 profit during the season last year.

We saw also Sivappa Naik, an old gentleman in khadi. He was the proud father of Dr. Umachgi, one of the foremost medical practitioners of Gadag. After twelve every day, when his work is over, this doctor spins and weaves for two hours. Another busy medical practitioner of this place, Dr. Venkat Rao, also spins two hours every day. It was he who presented good Gangadhar Rao Deshpande with a dhoti woven of his own yarn.

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# CHINA'S HOLY ISLAND

BY EVA VON BODIN

From *Vossische Zeitung, February* 14, 17
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

DURING our first summer at Shanghai, when we were still newcomers from Germany, nothing was Chinese enough and foreign enough to suit us. So we decided that we would not spend the summer in Japan or at either of the great seaside resorts on the Chinese coast, Tsingtau and Peitaho, but pass four weeks on the holy island of the Buddhists, Poutou Shan. We knew that we should be the only Europeans there, and that we should have no modern comforts, but we were promised a glorious beach, beautiful surf, and 'real' China.'

The steamer on which we made our twelve-hour journey to Ningpo was comfortable — indeed, the cabins were roomy and luxurious. It belonged to a Chinese company, but was run in the European way. We changed at Ningpo, an interesting and busy port with an ill-smelling harbor, to a funny little side-wheeler, painted green, and almost as broad as it was long; and we felt that we had made our plunge into China at last.

We were the only Europeans in the concourse of peasants, fishermen, monks, and pilgrims that thronged the decks. After appealing to the captain, who looked more like a tailor than a husky sea-dog, but personally ejected a family of six pilgrims from our cabin with praiseworthy vigor and promptness, we settled down for the remainder of the journey. This cabin resembled a post-war fourth-class coupé — a hard bench on each side, a curtainless window opening directly on the crowded deck, and not much of anything else. But our course lay through one of the fairest regions of China, where the scenery reminded us of the Inland Sea.

The first portion lay down the river on which Ningpo is situated, which rapidly broadens out into an estuary between rugged banks, broken here and there by pagoda-crowned cliffs. On either shore were villages and temples, while great lumbering sea-bound junks and tiny fishing-boats kept us company.

Late in the afternoon the long slender outlines of Poutou rose ahead of us. Here and there we caught a glimpse of a temple embowered in dense foliage, but everywhere else the surface seemed barren and precipitous. After a noisy landing, accompanied by much rhythmic chanting by the hawser men and stevedores, we found ourselves at last on China's holy island. There are five famous holy places in the Celestial Kingdom. Poutou Shan is possibly the holiest of them all.

We felt rather helpless at first, standing on the beach amid our countless packages. Wang, our cook, a thick-headed North China boy whom we had brought with us from Shanghai and who understood a few words of German, was our medium of communication with the rest of the world. Wang carried a letter of recommendation in our behalf from the comprador of a Shanghai firm to the abbot of a local cloister. As the comprador's wife had made many liberal gifts to the monks, we counted on this introduction for a good reception.



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Wang intercepted every monk who appeared in the vicinity of the wharf, but had great difficulty in making himself understood, for the broad Shantung dialect is almost unintelligible to the Southerners. Finally, however, he found his man. A pale shaven-headed young monk in a yellow-brown cloak presented himself to us and, with a gentle motion, bade us follow him. We seated ourselves in wicker sedan-chairs, with enormously long poles, and borne by a brown coolie in front and behind swung off across the country, up hill and down dale, along a narrow paved pathway that was interrupted by steep steps at every ascent and descent. Here and there we passed a cloister, then long stretches of pathway strewn with pious offerings, — amulets, pilgrims' staffs, and rosaries, — across a bridge, past a lotus-pond, and after a stiff ascent from a valley we suddenly discovered the broad, blue, brilliant sea lying before us.

A baying of dogs welcomed us to our home for the next four weeks. It was a tiny, modest temple, with a wall pierced by a broad gate in front, a temple-hall with its statues, pictures, and altars opposite the gate, the dwelling of the abbot on the left, and guest-chambers on the right. These structures enclosed a little court. Behind the temple was a second courtyard, around which were various workshops, sheds, and other buildings, where the monks and cloister servants lived. Our monk showed us our apartment. It consisted of a little square room, containing on either side a Chinese bed with a mosquito net, a table, two stools, and an enamel washbowl and pitcher. There was also a hook on the wall. Our reception ended with a cup of tea. Then the abbot excused himself, and — 'Here we are!'

Since our room already had beds, we left our camp-beds rolled up, in charge of Wang, fearing that we might hurt our host's feelings if we used them. But after one night we feared nothing else in the world more than its repetition; for a Chinese bed has only a finely woven mat and a hard-plaited head-rest, instead of mattresses and pillows, and the mosquito nets were made of a thick fabric which did indeed effectually keep out the mosquitoes but at the same time excluded every breath of air.

Poutou is hot — hotter than the Shanghai we fled. We spent half of our time in the water, for a sufficiently prolonged immersion finally cooled us off; but a few minutes on the burning beach would start us baking again. We might perfectly well have left our clothing at home. Bathing-suits and kimonos were our only attire. Four weeks in the blazing sun and in this light costume tanned us like rickshaw coolies.

We reached the beach by a little path through a rice-field, where we almost invariably met a big thick brown snake. It was harmless. The only troublesome creatures were tiny green poisonous vipers that darted suddenly from the hot stones where they were sunning themselves. On all of our walks, especially to the beach, we were accompanied by the cloister dogs. Though they were ordinary yellow curs, as slinking and snarling as their breed at home, they made friends with us, and we taught them the taste of meat and the joy of gnawing bones. I am sure that they will never forget us. The monks never fed them, and what they stole or picked up was only vegetable food. They amused themselves at the beach chasing the countless pocket-crabs back into their holes, and also guarded our things when we were in swimming. Usually there was no one on the beach except an occasional monk or pilgrim, plodding his leisurely way to some distant cloister.

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While we bathed, Wang attended to the housekeeping. With his three kettles he managed to provide us with soup, meat, rice, vegetables, and puddings. Flowers were always on the table. But our rations gradually got shorter, for we had imprudently contracted with this treasure to serve us and feed us for a fixed sum per day, and he found provisions a little dearer than he expected. However, though Wang was no Buddhist, the thousand-armed Kwan-Yin came to his aid. She let the tail end of a violent typhoon lash the island. The tall bamboos in the temple grove tossed and groaned; the rain whipped our faces; the sea boomed and roared, and dashed itself to foam against the cliffs. For eight days we were cut off from communication with the mainland. Wang protested that he was expecting canned goods and meat and other supplies by the next steamer, but pending its arrival we were limited to rice and vegetables and vegetables and rice. The only variety was in the order in which these were served.

We began to contemplate half a dozen big white geese that wandered about the temple court with new and less objective interest than heretofore, and courteously inquired of Wang whether we might not possibly assist one of them to attain a higher Buddhist incarnation, and thus perform a good act for it and for ourselves. Wang returned a little later to report, with much emphasis of word and gesture: 'Geese no can chow. Only walk, walk.' They were a gift from some grateful believer, and must not be killed — far less eaten.

There is an excellent book upon Poutou's temples, quite exhaustive in its way. The two principal temples are really marvelous, and even the smaller shrines invariably have some special point of interest — one, a pond of turtles a thousand years old; another, a floating stone; a third, an exceedingly ancient inscription. A favorite walk of ours was to the north end of the island, where, carved in the cliff, in a grotto on the edge of a wild and romantic chasm, stood an image of the gentle goddess, Kwan-Yin, blessing the sea. She is surrounded by pious proverbs, some of which are elaborately carved on the most inaccessible parts of the cliff, while others are painted on wooden boards set in the earth. Little plaster images of Buddha and Buddhist scholars and of renowned old abbots occupy stone niches along the way. The graves of famous monks border the road. Indeed this is a holy island. During our walks we visited many a little temple along the route, looked at the altar, tried to talk with the attendant, left a couple of copper coins, and went on to the next cloister.

Unfortunately, we always had to be home early. The temple guards did not like to open the gates after they had been closed at night. By early dusk everything was locked. So during the twilight hour we sat on camp stools in the courtyard in front of our quarters and either talked with Wang, who did his best to keep us conversant with the cloister gossip and the news of the island, or played with the dogs. The black forms of the monks going to prayer drifted like shadows through the gathering darkness. A nasal chant, accompanied by the staccato clatter of the prayer-castanets, was audible through the half-open temple door. An odor of incense was in the air. This was repeated every three hours. At first it awakened us in the night, but later it only seemed to make us sleep more soundly. Later in the evening we would withdraw to our room and the cheerful glow of our blessed petroleum lamp. But I always extinguished this light before retiring, for the old abbot had a habit of staring through our

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windows. He was a wise, benevolent old man, who seemed to spend his life illuminating a ponderous tome of pious meditations.

A field bed is not an ideal article of furniture for permanent use. At night, rats scurried about, and once, in the early dawn, I saw a great brown serpent peering through our open window. Happily he did not take a closer interest in us. Day followed day, each heavenly beautiful, but also a trifle monotonous.

Gradually the time of our departure drew near; and shortly before leaving we made a formal call upon the abbot of the cloister Fa Hu Tse, the largest and most beautiful cloister on the island. The refined and learned old gentleman, by way of showing us special honor, cracked with his own teeth the dried melon-seeds he served us, although we rudely bred Europeans did not perhaps appreciate the attention at its full worth.

When we were finally ready to go, the little steamer that had brought us to the island seemed almost luxurious, although a long night upon deck, anchored before a tiny Chinese coast-town named Ting Hai, effectually dissipated this illusion. Our attempts to sleep were defeated by the strange noises on shore: the clatter of 'luck wheels' at the long gambling-tables, the beating of gongs, the howling of dogs, and the shrill shrieking of people, that continued until dawn. At last the anchor chain rattled, and we soon found ourselves approaching Ningpo — and 'civilization.'

# JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S QUOTATIONS

BY AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M. P.

From the *Sunday Times, March* 2
(London Pro-French Sunday Paper)

It was my father's custom to jot down in a commonplace book any quotation, whether in prose or verse, which struck him as readily applicable to public affairs, and there are probably few of his longer and more carefully prepared speeches — few, at any rate, by comparison with the total number — in which some quotation would not be found. Indeed, he used quotation to illustrate, enforce, or enliven an argument far more freely than any of his contemporaries, sometimes recalling, sometimes deliberately searching out, a suitable quotation, and, on occasion, though very rarely, making his own verses, like Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Pickering gives one such instance, and I can supply another. In a speech at a banquet in 1890, in honor of Lord Hartington, he applied to Mr. Gladstone's followers the lines: —

> Determined to be pleased, the servile band
> Grow more convinced the less they understand.

'Where did you get that most apposite quotation?' I asked. 'Ah,' he said, 'find it for me if you can. I can't trace it.' But my search went unrewarded, and at last he confessed that, though he had been convinced that Pope or Dryden had said something of the kind, he

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had been unable to find what he wanted, and so had made his own lines. I was not the only person who searched in vain for the quotation which pleased the audience and sounded so familiar, though so elusive. But, so far as I know, the only man who guessed the truth was the late Earl Grey. 'Was it Dryden or Pope?' he asked Mrs. Chamberlain, when he took her in to dinner shortly afterward. 'Well, nobody seems to know; what do you think?' she said. 'I think it was Joe,' replied Lord Grey, with a twinkle in his eye.

So, too, he turned Shakespeare's praise of Salisbury before Orleans: —

> Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
> He fighteth as one weary of his life,

to his own uses, when, denouncing the late Lord Salisbury's supposed warlike tendencies in 1883, he exclaimed: 'May we not say with Shakespeare, "See what a desperate homicide this Salisbury is!"' 'How did you happen to remember that line?' I asked him. 'Well,' he said, 'I thought Shakespeare must have something useful, so I turned up the Concordance.'

But do not let your readers too readily assume that any quotation that they do not recognize is therefore of his own invention. The lines cited by one of your correspondents, —

> Happy the nation's fate I ween,
> As Britain's sons can tell,
> Whose rulers very little mean,
> Nor mean that little well,

with the suggestion that 'this effort at rhyme was original,' will be found in the verses on Addington's Ministry in the *Anti-Jacobin*, and I think that the occasions on which my father was his own poet could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

I have traced the occasion of my father's use of the verses from Landor's Ode to Southey to the Birmingham Jewelers' Dinner of 1895. Dr. Dale had just died, and, after speaking of this loss, my father turned to other losses sustained by the city — all men with whom he had worked in its public life in earlier years — and concluded with those lines.

There was another quotation from Landor which I have heard him make more than once with appreciation, though I do not think he ever used it publicly. Landor makes Romilly say in his *Imaginary Conversations:*—

> 'Pitt . . . came about us like the tide along the Lancashire sands, always shallow, but always just high enough to drown us,'

a quotation which, in his commonplace book, follows a note: 'Pitt's eloquence — "the sublime of mediocrity." — Lecky, Vol. V., 7.'

But it may amuse your readers to see a sample of this commonplace book. Here is the last page of all. Of the five entries the first two are in a secretary's hand, the last three in his own handwriting: —

> Britain bore us in her flesh; Britain nursed us at our birth;
> Britain reared us to our rank among the nations of the earth.
> Then let Canadians firmly stand around the flag of Motherland.
> — A Canadian Clergyman

> Valour of daughter nations happy to press where the Mother strives,
> Eager to aid her, eager to shield her, loyally lending love and lives.
> — Sir Francis Lushington

> So we persist, plough the light sand, and sow
> Seed after seed, where plant can never grow.
> —*Anonymous translation of Martial's epigram*

> You cannot reason with a prophet. You can only disbelieve him. — Grattan

> What it means I don't quite know,
> But you can't go wrong, in a nautical song,
> In singing 'Yo, ho! Yo, ho!'

It will be seen that, as the Scotch judge said of a pig, the book contains 'much fine confused eating.'

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The scrapbooks containing reports of all my father's speeches are now in the hands of his biographer, Mr. J. L. Garvin, but in the material to which I have access I have traced the use of quotations from Butler (*Hudibras*), Pope, Dryden, Churchill, Tickell, Shenstone, Cowper, Gray, Thomson, Prior, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Moore, Longfellow, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Whittier, Bryant, Kipling, and Lowell — not to speak of Shakespeare and Molière.

One quotation from Cowper recalls an amusing anecdote. During his mission to the United States in 1887–88, he was entertained at dinner by the New York Chamber of Commerce, when his health was proposed by Mr. Lamar, a member of President Cleveland's Cabinet. My father, as was his wont on any such occasion, had carefully prepared his speech. What was his horror when he heard Mr. Lamar quote a line from the very passage that he had intended to use! He felt that his guns were spiked and that he must abandon or recast that passage of his speech, but the moment afterward he saw his opportunity and used it. 'Mr. Secretary Lamar,' he said, 'in his concluding observations, quoted a line from an English poet; if he will permit me to complete the quotation, I think it is particularly apposite to the view which I am endeavoring to impress upon you. It is Cowper who says, indeed: —

> 'The bond of commerce was designed
> To associate all the branches of mankind;
> And if a boundless plenty be the robe,
> Trade is the golden girdle of the globe';

and his audience was impressed by this proof of his knowledge of the poets and of the excellence of his memory. He kept his own counsel and modestly accepted their congratulations.

I must deal at greater length with the verse from 'The Canadian Boat Song,' quoted by my father at Inverness in 1895 with immense effect upon the audience at the time and not less upon readers afterward, if one may judge by the number of people who wrote to ask him whence it was derived. Sir George Greenwood is right in saying that it appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine* for September 1829, but let not Sir George attribute to my father such barbarisms as 'vast wastes of seas' or 'fatherland' for 'fathers' land.'

The second verse in 'Blackwood' ran thus: —

> From the lone shieling on the misty island
> Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas —
> Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
> And we in dreams behold the Hebrides:
> Fair these broad meads — these hoary woods are grand;
> But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

My father quoted it as follows: —

> From the dim shieling on the misty island
> Mountains divide us and a world of seas;
> But still our hearts are true — our hearts are Highland;
> And in our dreams we see the Hebrides.
> Tall are these mountains, and these woods are grand;
> But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

Among his papers I find a typewritten memorandum, undated and unsigned, that was evidently written by someone who had access to Blackwood's office. It is of sufficient interest to be given in full.

The facts which the various critics are all agreed upon are as follows: That it was first printed in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* in *Blackwood's Magazine* (first part of the magazine of September 1829). This publication was then edited by John Gibson Lockhart and 'Christopher North.' 'Christopher North' was the nom de plume adopted by Professor Wilson.

It next appeared in *Tait's Magazine* of June 1849, almost identically reproduced from 'Blackwood.'

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It next appeared in the first volume of *Good Words*, 1860, but in a corrupt form, which corrupt form was quoted by Robert Louis Stevenson in 1883, and afterward in Inverness by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

Therefore, it may be said that there are two versions extant, the one quoted by Mr. Chamberlain and the other as it originally appeared in 'Blackwood.'

As to its authorship, Lockhart left a memorandum that he had received it from a friend in Upper Canada, and this conclusively excludes Professor Wilson (Lockhart's partner) from being the composer. It has been, I think, violently assumed that because John Galt was a resident in Canada in the spring of 1829, and was in correspondence with Lockhart (John Galt being an author of merit and distinction), therefore he wrote the song.

I prefer the direct evidence which is to hand, although it may be advanced in reply that the direct evidence is not in itself conclusive.

The original manuscript of the 1829 'Blackwood' *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, is still extant in the Blackwood office in the handwriting of Lockhart himself. We know, however, that Lockhart repudiated the authorship, although T. S. Blackie died in the belief that he (Lockhart) was the author.

It has now been set to music on account of the extraordinary interest shown in Canada, India, and the Scotch press, which was revived by Mr. Chamberlain's quotation in Inverness, and renewed again on its recital in Dingwall, Christmas 1902.

'D. C.' — Lieutenant Donald Campbell — in *Tait's Magazine*, 1849, made the direct statement that Hugh, twelfth Earl of Eglinton, wrote it, and that he (D. C.) had held the autograph composition in his own hands. The Earl of Eglinton was in Canada in 1812. He was the 'Sodger Hugh' of Robert Burns, and was the composer of the 'Pearl of the Fountain.'

The 'Royal tombstones' in the song is a reference to the Macdonalds of the Isles in Islay, and Eglinton's relative was the daughter of the ninth Earl of Eglinton, who was the mother of Sir James Macdonald, the Marcellus of the Isles, — Boswell's friend and Johnson's, — who died in Rome in 1766.

I think that Lord Archibald Campbell, the Duke of Argyll's brother, could possibly settle the question of authorship; but the fact of the composition being found, after his death, in the Earl's papers in his handwriting in 1819 is, to my mind, almost conclusive.

In a speech made in 1881 my father quoted Whittier's lines: —

> Then do thy work, it shall succeed
> In thine or in another's day:
> And if denied the victor's meed,
> Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.

Five-and-twenty years later he closed his last public speech, not without a clear premonition that his work was near its end, on the same note: —

> Others, I doubt not, if not we,
> The issue of our toil shall see.

He was as indifferent to present rewards and present fame as any statesman may be. But he cared intensely for the causes which he championed, and had a great and abiding faith in their ultimate triumph.

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# THE SILVER LINING

BY J. B. SHEA

From the *Irish Statesman, February* 23
(Dublin Literary and Political Weekly)

John Henry Bulwark was, in many respects, a remarkable man. Even in his schooldays, when he was known as Johnny Bulwark, — and sometimes irreverently as Bull-frog and Bull-finch, — he was different from other boys of his age. Afterward, as he passed through the stages of Jack Bulwark and John, days of starting in life and days of struggling with it, he showed the same qualities of originality of conception, firmness of purpose, and finality of action. At the period to which this tale relates, the period of incipient obesity, of fancy waistcoat, white spats, and heavy gold chain — the John Henry Bulwark period — his characteristics remained unaltered.

Mr. Bulwark had succeeded in life. He had invented the patent non-opening bootlace: that bootlace which by no possibility could you find dangling and dragging under your feet, bedaubed with mud, hateful and unseemly. His patent could never come unfastened of its own accord. He called it the Lovelace on account of its clinging disposition, and the way in which, once knotted, it always remained. Nothing short of a decree *nisi* could undo it. For this lace the whole world had waited, impatiently flinging epithets at his all-too-familiar predecessors, since the days of the Pharaohs. So when it arrived, it naturally brought fortune in its train.

Next he took up the Collar-stud, and by a process of breeding and selection, elimination of the unfit, and the conservation of acquired characteristics, he evolved a new breed of that article which he called the Pompeii, in honor of that policeman who when that city was destroyed remained at his post for several centuries. You have, no doubt, seen the trademark of the Pompeii stud — a policeman asleep at his post, unaware that an earthquake is destroying everything and everybody around him. For John H.'s stud was the stud of the bulldog grip; the stud which neither accident nor design could remove till its removal was necessary.

He also invented many other useful and long-desired articles of more or less similar characteristics: namely, things which remain in place where their predecessors so frequently and fatuously failed to do so. For instance, who is there that has not at one time or another blessed his memory for Bulwark's Casabianca Pepper-castor? This implement, as we all know, enables the user to apply pepper at his discretion without shedding its stopper and four ounces of Cayenne pepper into his exiguous allowance of soup. For this invention Mr. Bulwark received the marked thanks of the Anti-swearing League, and the silver medal of the Society for Promoting the Use of Decorous Language in Public Places. The Casabianca stopper (as the name implies) was warranted to remain at its post until relieved.

From these examples it will plainly appear that John Henry Bulwark's principle in life was to leave nothing to chance. If an article was supposed to occupy a certain position, then he saw



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to it that it really was there, and that it stayed there until deliberately removed. He devoted his useful and successful life to the elimination of accident. Now you know the sort of man he was.

I don't know what made John Henry think of spending a holiday in Connemara unless it was that inscrutable and cynical providence which impels tall men to marry short women, and vice versa; which in a general way makes positive and negative magnetic poles to attract each other. At any rate, one fine afternoon in July last year, he arrived with his expensive motor-car, his expensive wife, and his general air of expensive efficiency, at Fairy Hall. Now, Fairy Hall is an old house. Everything that Nature could do to make it and its surroundings beautiful has been well and conscientiously done; but those details that were left over for man to attend to have received only very moderate and inadequate attention. In fact there is a sort of compensative balancing between man's neglect and Nature's painstaking activity: the woodwork, which should have been painted but was not, is covered with lichens; the ironwork is covered with rust, and the garden with weeds. Nature is not negligent. She and Mr. Bulwark ought to get on well together.

The avenue to the Lodge has two gates: a strong outer one which is always open for the convenience of stray cattle and unchartered donkeys and vagrant horses, and an inner one whose main function is to keep the aforesaid animals from wandering up to the hall-door and eating the creepers off the house. This gate is always closed, of course.

It is this inner gate which was a chronic eyesore to Mr. Bulwark. It dated from the days of the Gobán Saor. It was a wooden gate and hung together in some mysterious manner which defied the Law of Probability. Whatever little stability it possessed it owed not to the art or device of man but to some hidden dispensation of Providence. But the most exasperating feature of that gate was that Paddy Coyne was quite satisfied with it. He could see no reason why a gate which had been in business since he was born, and long before, and which several generations had tolerated, should be an offense to Mr. Bulwark. Like Ambition, it might have been made of sterner stuff, but still, a gate which had given satisfaction — however mitigated — to so many people for so many years, deserved some consideration.

Paddy Coyne seemed to Mr. Bulwark the epitome or the incarnation or the symbol — or whatever word one affects — of Irish inefficiency. He tried long and hard to find a formula to meet Paddy's case, and at last settled with some satisfaction on the word 'slackness.' This one word covered the condition of Paddy and of Ireland. All was slackness, and Mr. Bulwark longed to apply to Ireland those principles of emphatic efficiency which had made his name and his patents household words. He had discovered in Connemara a grand and a wide field for his missionary labors along this line. In the fields, in the shops, in the loose statements of the peasantry, he found a great deal to vex his righteous soul from day to day.

On the other hand, Paddy also sought long and earnestly in the turbid depths of his mind for a formula to cover the case of Mr. Bulwark. But Paddy's impressions were too vague and general and altogether too inchoate and elusive to allow themselves to be impounded into a formula. He was conscious by some primitive instinct that Mr. Bulwark, though of

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course he was a perfect gentleman, because his general get-up proclaimed the fact, and he proclaimed it himself, yet was not quite so perfect a gentleman, in some vague and indefinable manner, as some he had met. For Paddy had long been associated with the Lodge and its people as general factotum and handy man, — though why he was called 'handy' Heaven only knew, — and he had known many types of residents and visitors in his time. And somehow Mr. Bulwark came short of his ideal. So, although Paddy's words to him were smoother than butter, that smoothness might be said to be in inverse ratio to the admiration he really felt.

'Faith,' said he, 'divil a truer word than what your Honor says. 'T is what myself was saying last week to the Masther, that that ould gate ought to be burnt for firewood this forty years back. If I only had the timber, sure I could make wan myself in a couple o' days. But sure the times is bad, an' the country is very scarce o' timber since the war; an' the Masther is n't like you, sir, that has taste an' skill in gates, an' that has the head for planning new work an' the money to pay for it. (An' — he added in his own mind — if you are like most Englishmen I have met, it ought not to be so hard to coax some money out of you by the use of a little soft soap, for the Englishman an' his money is soon parted, as the proverb says!) 'T is often I said that this gate 'id be a trouble o' mind to an English gintleman, an' that a rale gintleman 'd rather put up a new gate at his own expinse than be looking at that ould triangulum. An' the ladies I'm sure does be ashamed of it whin there does be visithors.'

The upshot was that Mr. Bulwark undertook to supply materials for a new gate, a strong and substantial one of the Pompeii and Casabianca breed, that would stand up to its work and put to shame the haphazard slackness of the native. And his only remuneration was to be the privilege of lecturing all and sundry, in season and — especially — out of season, on our national characteristics, their cause and cure.

'That Mr. Bulwark,' said Paddy, 'have the divil's own flow of talk about Ireland; but my own opinion is that Ireland will be there afther he's dead.'

The gate was finished in due time — though not in a couple of days, nor yet in a couple of weeks. Paddy met with many unexpected delays, due to various causes. The timber had to be procured from Galway by rail; and it was found that on the very day when it was to have been carted home from the station, the mare had 'misfortunately' cast a shoe. (I think Paddy had an eye on the motor-car as a possible alternative to the cart; if so, the scheme did n't work.) Then a chisel was missing, but Mr. Bulwark was n't told that; instead he was told that one of Paddy's numerous progeny was grievously ill. This invention had many advantages; it gave time to get back the chisel from the party who had 'borry'd the loan' of it; it gave Paddy a day off; and it brought a hamper from the Lodge for the hypothetical patient. Likewise there were no proper 'inches' — as Paddy called the hinges — to be got, and the blacksmith spent ages making *buckawns*. In fact there were delays, natural and artificial. However, the job was ultimately finished. It was not what one would call an artistic production; the surfaces were not very smooth, nor the *rigor mortice* very perfect. But it was strong, and heavy, and fearfully efficient.

On a certain day it was to be set up in its place. Paddy had an assistant for the day, Michaeleen Burke, and

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Mr. Bulwark went off early in his motor. When he returned at four o'clock, he was to find the new gate in its proper place, and the old eyesore put away forever or he would know the reason why. He had suffered much already from Irish slackness, and was determined to suffer no more.

Now Mr. Bulwark, although a great man in many respects, was not a great driver of motor-cars. In fact he had only recently taken up this pursuit, and although the tortures of the Inquisition would probably fail to wring from him the confession that he was but a poor driver, yet such was the truth. When it came to a crisis in which one must use one's foot, he felt as though he had a large assortment of feet, some one of which must be suddenly chosen from the collection, for the purpose intended. And it was the same in the article of hands — only there he felt he had n't quite enough to meet all necessities. He needed at least four, whereas he had only two, and one even of these a left hand. Give him plenty of time to think out the problem and he could solve it easily. But in emergencies — not even Einstein had anything new to teach him on the subject of Time as a fourth dimension. In driving, he found himself with a four-dimension mind in a three-dimension world. And in Connemara in particular, he found himself flanked and menaced by two-dimension drains on a one-dimension road.

At four P. M. punctually the sound of his exhaust was heard on the Fairy Lodge avenue. 'He's thraveling, begor!' said Paddy Coyne; and so he was. Through the outer gate he had passed at high speed, and now he came at a rattling pace towards the inner gate. It was closed!

For one delirious moment, that seemed like a dragging eternity, his mind was a blank. He banged his untutored foot on the brake, as he thought: on the accelerator as it happened.

'Like adder darting from its coil,' the car made a wild spring into the gate. There was a soft crash as of rotten wood, and the car kept on its way.

In due time its fiery spirit was subdued, and Mr. Bulwark got out with the chastened air of a man who had just been reprieved from a sentence of death. He found his car uninjured, and going back to examine the gate, saw to his astonishment the old gate now reduced to vulgar fractions and scattered all over the road. Paddy Coyne came rushing up from his mysterious haunts among the fuchsias, and after him his assistant, Michaeleen Burke. Paddy's dreamy eye took in the whole situation in some small decimal part of a glance.

'Was n't it the blessing o' God, sir,' said he, 'that this little *shingawn* of a Michaeleen Burke mislaid the *buckawns* and we spint hours looking for 'em; an' we could n't find 'em high or low till about ten minutes ago we found 'em lying safe an' aisy on top o' the wall over there. Sure, if the new gate was up instead o' the ould wan, inless God an' His Blessed Mother 'id save you, yourself an' your car 'id be in Heaven this night!'

'I think, Paddy,' said Mr. Bulwark in a voice full of modesty, not to say slackness, 'you had better rig up the old gate for the time being, if it can be repaired. I have been thinking the matter over, and — and — I think it would be a pity to scrap it.'

'It has its good points, sir,' said Paddy.

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# THE SOMETHING

## BY SIR JAMES BARRIE

*[Sir James Barrie's address, a portion of which we print below, was delivered to the girls of Wallasey High School, where his niece, Miss Barrie, is head mistress.]*

From *Public Opinion, March 7*
(London Weekly Review)

In my tender years I used when in funds to devour secretly penny-dreadful magazines containing exclusively sanguinary matter. They were maudlin tales about heroic highwaymen and piracy on the high seas.

What most enamored me were the stories of the goings-on at English boarding-schools. How different from the hum-dreadful-drum of my school. The masters were sneaks and the boys blew them up with gunpowder. I felt that those were the schools for me. My mind became so set on explosions that when a Sassenach sent me a box containing mysterious little red and blue tubes I placed them one by one near the fire and then darted back, being confident that they would go off. I dare say I wept when I discovered that they were only colored chalks.

Soon came an awakening. In the pages of a very different sort of juvenile periodical called *Chatterbox* — a word that makes me quake and look behind me still — I read an article on the dire future in store for those who read penny dreadfuls. I tried to stand up to it, but no, no — not when the black night fell. On such a night I stole off to a distant field, my pockets stuffed with back numbers and a shovel concealed up my little waistcoat, and deep in the bowels of the earth I buried the evidence of my guilt.

Many years ago Robert Louis Stevenson, writing to me from Samoa of a visit he had lately paid to Sydney, described how he had gone into a bookseller's shop where they showed him all the newest and choicest books. But he said to them: 'I want no thoughtful works to-day. Show me *Sixteen String Jack* and *Ruddy Bill the Buccaneer*.' If I had preserved that copy of *Chatterbox* I should certainly have sent it to Mr. Stevenson.

I notice that after the war it was the common thing for distinguished generals to revisit their old schools — nearly always famous public schools — and to say, amid general rejoicings, that they had always sat at the bottom of their forms. Well, if I was like that, at least I shall never boast about it. If I was an idler I am very sorry for it now and some day you will be if you are in the same case. Even the generals might have been still more wonderful in the war if they had worked at school.

Another handy moral is: Not to work is to miss the best of the fun.

Your great English public schools — I never feel myself a foreigner in England except when trying to understand them.

I am like a dog looking up wistfully at its owner, wondering at the meaning in that noble man's face, or even if it has a meaning. The schools draw from their sons a devotion that is deeper and more lasting than any other love, and I well know that among their mentors are men than whom there is none



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finer in this land. These famous schools have sent out not a few eminent scholars and others eminent in the games we love, and do right in loving.

But what of the other four fifths or so — what do they get from their famous schools? The generals and other illustrious scholars answer that question triumphantly at the school festivities, but it leaves the outsider still benighted. It is not scholarship. Pooh! It is not even physical prowess. It is not an awakened soul or even a superior way of wearing a waistcoat.

They describe it briefly as 'a Something,' and, perhaps wisely, leave it at that, putting us in our place forever, and satisfying the youth still at school who may have been worrying a little on the subject. This mysterious Something is got with no effort; you just become enrolled a member of the school and gradually you acquire the Something. So far as I can understand, it oozes out of the historic old walls and penetrates through your clothing.

Never, it is said, were there so many applications as now to get sons in these houses. Life has become more strenuous. Somebody, somewhere, somehow, will some day have to submit a piece of that Something for scientific examination.

Don't think I am saying one word against those great institutions. Even if I wanted to — and I do not — it would be quite useless. No one could move them. When the last trump sounds and all the other buildings fall they will not even have noticed the disturbance. All I am arguing for is that, if they are so splendid, a way in should be found for the boys outside, and that in the meantime slabs of the Something should be procured for other schools, with, of course, a big chunk for Wallasey. Until you acquire the Something you must get along with the Something Else that you already have. What you have is a school to be proud of, such a school and such joys as were denied to most of your forbears.

For a few of you Oxford and Cambridge lie ahead, where you will be equipped to live intelligently by your own work, to make a fair way, to be chosen for your jobs in preference to men because you have proved that you can do them better. There must be a mighty satisfaction in that.

There must be hundreds of girls to-day doing important secretarial work for the one of a few years ago. It ought to make a change in the women of this country; to give them a serene look.

I remember being in Paris on the night of the Armistice, where I had also been for some nights previously, and I think the most wonderful sight I have ever seen in this world was the changed appearance of the women as they realized that the black years had come to an end. No Cinderella ever looked more different after she was dressed by her godmother. 'It's over!' was the universal cry — nothing boastful, just a shining thankfulness.

Such schools as yours are a bursting of light through the gloom of the past. Never again will it be quite impossible for a girl, poor or rich, to adorn herself in the fair garments of learning. 'It's over — the dark days are over,' you can cry at last. Well, that is going too far, but you can at least say, 'It has begun to be over.' It will largely depend on you and myriads of others like you — the young women of to-morrow — when it is to be completely over.

I should like to give you a motto — something to strive for. I should like to see it blazoned over the entrance to Wallasey High School — the words: 'That every child born into the British Empire should get an equal chance.' That will need some doing.

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# A PAGE OF VERSE

## THE IMMIGRANT

BY FRANK H. KENDON

[*Poems and Sonnets*]

When Ruth was old,
She'd take her children's children on her knee.
They never wearied to be told
Tales of her girlhood in a far country.

For though her eyes were dim,
Men said of her, 'Her heart is always young,'
And Boaz, while she spoke to him,
Loved the faint accent of a foreign tongue.

## THE PURITAN

BY KENNETH HARE

[*London Mercury*]

The Puritan through Life's sweet garden goes
To pluck the thorn and cast away the rose,
And hopes to please, by this peculiar whim,
The God who fashioned it and gave it him.

## THE POET OUT OF LOVE

BY AUDREY WRAUGHAM

[*Poetry Review*]

The curtain falls.
The footlights flicker down
And all the folk go quietly away.
O painted poet-clown,
You did not please them with your jests to-day.
You did not sing,
Nor sigh with tender passion,
There was no mirth behind your nimble quips.
Why do you seek to fashion
The tired dreams of love with bitter lips?
Folk will not come
Who cannot laugh nor cry
At poets out of love and clowns in tears.
New loves are soon come by,
New drolleries to trick the aching years.



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### ILLUSTRATING THE BIBLE

A PICTORIAL encyclopædia of the Holy Land is being prepared by Mr. Frank Scholten, a young English photographer who, during the last three years, has collected twenty-two thousand photographs of Biblical scenes. Mr. Scholten proposes to illustrate the entire Bible from photographs made chiefly by himself on the spot. His views depict geographic sites referred to in the Bible, the customs of the people, — which in many respects are scarcely changed, — the ceremonies and religious life of modern Jews, landscapes, native tools and craftsmen, — especially such as illustrate scriptural texts, — and animals, trees, and plants mentioned in the Bible.

He has just returned to England after eighteen months spent in the vicinity of Jaffa and the modern Jewish township of Tel-Aviv. Some two thousand of his prints have recently been exhibited at the Brook Street Art Gallery, London. They are eventually to be published in separate volumes, each dealing with a different city and the district surrounding it. The photographer's next work will deal with Jerusalem.

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### POPULARIZING SCIENCE

IN spite of the superstition that ours is a scientific age, the results of the laboratory and the popular mind are almost as far apart as they ever were. So far apart, indeed, that the average scientific man has begun to think disdainfully of 'popular science' as an affair of highly colored illustrations and still more highly colored statements with their facts badly askew.

Our age is scientific in the sense that it owes most of its more obvious achievements to scientific men. It is anything but a scientific age if we look into the minds of our contemporaries for the clarity, tolerance, and precision which characterize scientific thought — or ought to.

The difficulty lies in the tribulations attending liaison between the laboratory worker and the man in the street. Science clothes itself in a barbarous terminology which, though not always entirely indispensable, can never be wholly left behind.

English scientific men have always been among the most successful in writing simply and intelligently for the public without slipping into careless statement of fact. The roll of English popularizers is long and distinguished. Darwin himself, though not everyone realized it, wrote a vigorous though plain English style. Thomas Huxley is a figure in English literature as well as English biology, and his gifts have descended to at least three Huxleys who are writing to-day. Wallace, the last of the great Victorian scientists, was always simple and clear, and to-day the tradition is carried on by H. G. Wells — whose elementary textbook of zoölogy is by no means to be despised — and by men so eminent in various departments of science as Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. G. Elliot Smith, Professor J. Arthur Thomson, and Sir E. Ray Lankester.

A year or two ago a new and valuable monthly was founded to carry on the British scientific tradition. It was *Discovery*, which joins one or two American journals in the task of making science intelligible. Unfortunately, the public was not quite ready for it, and although the new magazine was interesting, authoritative, and com-



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prehensible, it was forced to announce its suspension last December. But an anonymous guarantor came to the rescue in the nick of time, and the magazine has been revived under the direction of a board of trustees, chiefly representatives of the British Museum and Cambridge University. Its range has been widened so as to include both literary scholarship and science, and if the trustees succeed in raising the sum of five hundred pounds now required to meet existing liabilities and the expenses of administration, *Discovery* is to be a permanent star in the sky of London journalism, where, scientifically speaking, the night is quite as murky as anywhere else.

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### THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS has abandoned its historic London quarters at Amen Corner in favor of new ones at Amen House, Warwick Square, thereby losing its exclusive possession of a unique view of St. Paul's Cathedral, which could be enjoyed from no other place. Lord Curzon, as Chancellor of Oxford University, presided at a luncheon in honor of the occasion, at which the Earl of Balfour, — as Chancellor of Cambridge, — the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Asquith, Dean Inge, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Sir Israel Gollancz, Sir Henry Newbolt, and many other distinguished figures in the fields of politics, religion, and scholarship were also guests.

The Archbishop of Canterbury reminded the assembly of the intimate and sometimes painful relations that existed in the past between his See and the press. *Paradise Lost* was censored by archepiscopal decree, and George Herbert found himself in difficulty for daring to suggest that religion might find its way to the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Asquith slyly called the attention of the Labor Minister, Mr. J. R. Clynes, to the highly socialistic character of the Oxford Press, which has no endowment, no shareholders, and is not a private enterprise, yet has prospered — whereat the entire assembly laughed mightily. Lord Curzon in his speech offered the services of the Press to the Archbishop of Canterbury if he felt disposed to write a popular novel; to Mr. Asquith, if he felt inclined to turn out some love lyrics; and to the Earl of Balfour, who attended as Chancellor of the sister University, — and who, outside the realm of politics, is noted for his philosophic writings, — in case he were tempted to compose a detective story!

The banquet calls to public attention some interesting facts about one of the most important of the many brilliant achievements of the great publishing house — the *New English Dictionary*, better known to editors, proofreaders and other profane persons as simple *NED*. Mr. C. T. Onions, alike distinguished as a novelist and as a philologist, one of the present editors, describes in the *Observer* the origin of the dictionary, which began with an appeal made to a philological society in 1857 by Archbishop Trench. Preparations for the work were at once begun, but it was not until 1879, when Sir James Murray became editor, that the immensity of the undertaking was realized, and not until 1884 that the first section was published. The dictionary was designed from the beginning to be what it has since become — in Archbishop Trench's words, 'a supplement to all the dictionaries, which should register all omitted words and senses, and supply all the historical information in which these works were lacking, and, above all, should give quotations illustrating the first and last appearance and every notable point in the life-history of every word.'

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To-day the editor has ten philologists to assist him, and the dictionary is completed to the end of the letter T. The letters V, X, Y, and Z have also been published, and portions of U and W are all that now remain to be finished. The letter W presents peculiar difficulties, containing, as it does, a number of common words with long histories. The tale of the adventures of 'who' runs to nine columns, and 'whom' and 'whose' together take six columns. The 'wh' section also contains a great many onomatopœic words, such as 'whuff,' 'whush,' and 'whist.' It also contains the word 'whizz-bang,' which as a military term first made its appearance in print in Major Ian Hay's *First Hundred Thousand*, in 1915.

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MR. PICKWICK IN FRANCE

Mr. Pickwick has come to life again — not that Mr. Pickwick could ever die; but for the purpose of the festival at Cannes he has stepped from the covers of the *Pickwick Papers* and emerged in the flesh at a celebration devoted to the Pickwick Club by M. Jean Gabriel Domergue, the artistic director of the municipal casino. Mr. Pickwick arrived in company with his friend Snodgrass, driving in a typical chaise of the correct period, and attended by Sam Weller. He stepped out of his vehicle and began a comic dissertation on a camel that stood near — it would be interesting to know just why the camel is associated with the *Pickwick Papers* in the French mind.

The Casino had been decorated for the occasion with ten thousand metres of parti-colored ribbon, and Mr. Pickwick had as spectators the conventional assortment of Russian Grand Dukes, Egyptian Princes, and Indian Rajahs. The fête was organized in aid of Franco-Russian relief work.

BOITO'S POSTHUMOUS OPERA

Arrigo Boito's posthumous opera, *Nerone*, has for the last six months been more discussed in the Italian press than any other opera of the season, even though it has not as yet been performed. The discussion has spread as far as Argentina, where *La Prensa* tells the story of this unknown chef-d'œuvre in a long article.

How many years did Boito spend over this masterpiece? No one can tell exactly, but it is well known that he devoted a large part of his life to it. In order to write the libretto, he studied all possible sources, exhausting the libraries on the subject of Nero and his period. The artistic conscience of Boito was one of those that refuse to stay contented. . . . The musical tragedy *Nerone* could well be recited without its music and still remain a great work. . . . When it is finally performed, the public will be quick in pronouncing its judgment, but no contemporary judgment can be true when passed upon a work that is the result of some fifty years of toil and meditation.

A Milan correspondent of *La Tribuna* writes that La Scala is now definitely preparing to stage the opera. The project of *Nerone* was conceived during Boito's voyage in Poland, — the native country of his mother, — even before he had written *Mefistofele*. The inspiration is due to Tacitus.

Letters and telegrams reach La Scala daily, ordering seats for musical critics and correspondents from many corners of the world. It is likely that the theatre will be unable to house all the aspirants, at least on the first presentation. Complete and impenetrable secrecy has been maintained as to the matter chiefly in question, the score of the opera. Maestro Arturo Toscanini, whose severity is well known, made every one of his collaborators, of both modest and exalted rank, swear that they would not let

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the least detail of the score reach the public prematurely.

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### IRISH ENGLISH

TACITLY admitting the bitter truth that Gaelic is not likely to become once more the popular speech of Ireland, Mr. Kenneth Elliot pleads, in the columns of the *Irish Statesman*, for the preservation of Irish English, which, he says, is now threatened by an alarming spread of cockney. It is easier to understand what is meant by Irish English than to define it, and Mr. Elliot very wisely refrains from the attempt.

He insists that the Irish have as much right to call this language theirs 'as the French have to regard their Latin-derived language as nevertheless national.' The vocabulary and grammar are frankly borrowed, but accent, cadence, idiom, turns of speech are all Irish, and are very largely borrowed direct from Gaelic.

The cockney speech long ago spread far beyond the range of Bow Bells. To-day probably three times as many people speak cockney as speak Irish English, and the dropped *h* and maltreated vowel have spread throughout South England, and even to the continent of Australia. In the Channel Islands it is said to have driven out Norman French. Yet it is a speech that has few pretensions to beauty or vividness — qualities which no one can deny to the Irish.

Mr. Elliot says: —

> Some years ago the *Gaelic Journal* published collected lists of such words and phrases, still used in rural Ireland, and it was shown that even so near as County Dublin hundreds of these survivals were in common use. No doubt some are alive still in the more Irish and amusing quarters of our city. They expressed things, customs, feelings, the outlets of Irish affection and satire, which modern English had no equivalent for. We all know many such by tradition: the diminutive 'een' of affection; the 'awn' and 'oge' of bitter or good-natured contempt; the 'agra,' 'avic,' 'avouchal,' 'alanna' of endearment; the expressive adjectives of essentially Irish qualities, such as 'gravar,' 'looshus,' 'tray-nakayly,' and others; Gaelic idioms such as 'he fell out of his standing,' 'he does be in it all day,' 'I asked him did he ever see the like,' and so on.
>
> These may linger among our uneducated, but are heard no more among our educated classes, or, if used, are considered almost as much of a 'cult' as Irish itself. Nobody cares 'a thraneen' now; we call a loving old couple a Darby and Joan, — pet names that never were in Ireland, — instead of a pair of 'graabawns,' a lovely word extant till lately in rural Leinster; we speak contemptuously of the opinions of 'any Tom, Dick, and Harry,' names far from characteristic of Ireland, when we should obviously say 'Tim, Mick, and Larry.'

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### BOOKS IN FRANCE

THE annual catalogue of the *Bibliographie de la France* shows an increase of 274 books for the year 1923 as compared with the year 1922. The total for the year is 8789, though even this figure was probably somewhat exceeded, as the *Bibliographie* lists only works considered worthy of mention, and it would be altogether too optimistic to think that none has been omitted for cause this year. Twelve books by Alexandre Dumas have been republished during the year, ten by Balzac, eleven by Paul Féval, four by Remi de Gourmont, and two by Théophile Gautier. It is extremely interesting to English-speaking readers to note that three novels of Mayne Reid's were translated — presumably for the edification of *éclaireurs* or Boy Scouts.

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# BOOKS ABROAD

**Poems and Sonnets,** by Frank H. Kendon. London: John Lane, 1924. *5s.*

[J. C. Squire in the *London Mercury*]

MR. KENDON'S is as interesting as any first book of verse that has come out in recent years. He is an undemonstrative poet, but thoughtful, honest, full, and an admirable writer. His briefest and prettiest poems are never empty of thought and personal thought: he often says less than he means, never more. His temper, though his themes are not religious, is rather that of the meditative religious poets: there is a touch of Herbert about him, and he has much in common with Mr. John Freeman. It is the kind of poetry that grows on one at every reading: there is no sudden assault with the brass band, no immediately ravishing phrases, no violent exposure of emotion, no startling vividness of image. It is all the work of a sensitive, gentle, and manly spirit responding in solitude to the impressions made by Nature and human life, and reflecting on the nature of the response. It is the work, also, of an artist who never forgets his obligations or his muse, even when his intellectual material is most difficult.

Some of Mr. Kendon's sonnets have appeared in these pages, as also his beautiful farewell to youth, 'Now To the World.' There are many others as good. In 'The Mother-in-Law,' named with pathetic irony, the old theme of Proserpine is treated with charming freshness. There are some beautiful short poems: two epigrams, a thought from Palestine, and 'The Immigrant,' which has an epigrammatic flavor.

[A poem from this book is printed on A Page of Verse.]

**Walter de la Mare,** by R. L. Mégroz. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1924. *7s. 6d.*

[Martin Armstrong in the *Bookman*]

MR. MÉGROZ in his Prefatory Note tells us what his aim has been. 'I have been chiefly at pains,' he says, 'to show the poet of dream in a human light and in relation to the rest of society, and also to contradict the too common belief that he is narrow in range of thought and interests and technique.'

In this aim Mr. Mégroz has been successful, and, such being his aim, it is no condemnation of his book to say that it is essentially a book for beginners.

Those who are already familiar with Mr. de la Mare's work will derive little that is new on the subject from this book, but it is certain that those who are not will be strongly attracted toward both his poetry and his prose, for Mr. Mégroz has the power of imparting the enthusiasm which he himself feels; in fact, his book is, for the most part, a panegyric. If, then, one regards the book as a de la Mare primer, much of the criticism which one would otherwise be disposed to make becomes inapplicable — the criticism, for instance, that so much of the book is taken up with quotation alternating with paraphrase or summary of Mr. de la Mare's poetry and prose. Mr. Mégroz's merit as a critic is that he has a well-furnished mind: he has read well and remembered well and has the gift of applying illuminatingly what he has read — often by direct quotation — to the case in point. His fault is to be occasionally carried away by his own verbal exuberance or by a tendency toward the poetic fallacy, as when he describes Mr. de la Mare giving an after-dinner address 'in that dining-room at the very heart of Fleet Street.'

To much of the first chapter in the book — 'Personal Impressions' — I must definitely object. The conversation recorded is interesting, but the professional-interviewer picture of the poet, at home in his family circle or walking to the tram, makes me extremely uncomfortable. I can see no excuse for revelations of this kind, for this turning of a man into a museum-specimen during his lifetime just because he happens to be a fine writer — especially in the case of Mr. de la Mare who, as Mr. Mégroz himself tells us, 'has a natural dread of all publicity.'

**The Present State of Germany,** by J. H. Morgan. London: University of London Press, 1924. *2s. 6d.*

[*Irish Statesman*]

THE publication of Brigadier-General Morgan's lecture on post-war Germany, delivered last November in the University of London, gives the reading public an opportunity of judging the effect of residence in the Reich on a British military mind. General Morgan, who served as Deputy Adjutant-General for four years in unoccupied Germany, on the Military Disarmament Commission, came into contact with all classes of the population, while his duties carried him from the Rhineland and the Ruhr to the highlands of Bavaria, and from industrial Saxony, the home of uncompromising Socialism, to Pomerania and East Prussia, the great strongholds of the old nobility.

To elucidate fully the social, political, and economic troubles of the Germans in a single lecture would have been, of course, impossible, and General Morgan did not attempt a hopeless



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task. His lecture, however, has a twofold interest: it reminds us how profoundly the British attitude toward Germany has changed since Mr. Keynes first criticized the absurdities of the Treaty of Versailles, and it enforces the truth, no longer questioned by informed opinion, that a disorganized and outlawed Germany is a deadly obstacle to European progress. Inflation and the occupation of the Ruhr are accepted by General Morgan as the central causes of Germany's collapse. His hopes for the future lie in a speedy settlement of the Reparations controversy and the modification of French policy in the Ruhr, a policy which, he admits, has inflamed the whole of Germany.

**Lewis et Irène,** by Paul Morand. Paris: Grasset, 1924.

[Robert Kemp in *La Revue Universelle*]

HERE, after two dazzlingly successful collections of short stories, *Ouvert la nuit* and *Fermé la nuit,* is Paul Morand's first novel — *Lewis et Irène,* a very short, very small novel. It is also a novel which marks a metamorphosis. M. Paul Morand has given up some of the methods that charmed part of his readers and exasperated others. He has abandoned his strange images, his taste for everything brilliant or astounding, his extraordinary comparisons, his caperings with words, the moving-picture flicker of his style, his general tone of a man who has been dreaming and is not quite awake — in short, displaying a good deal of courage, he has cast off almost completely the old Paul Morand. If the reader were to count the dadaisms in *Lewis et Irène,* he would not find much more than a hundred. To compare a halberd of a Swiss guard to an absinthe spoon; to speak of a hooked nose as being held in leash by the chain of the nose-glasses — these are the fantasies permitted to humorists. Willy and Curnonsky give us a thousand examples. This time M. Paul Morand has not ardently applied himself to these trifles, and with these affectations in every line he will readily deceive the snobinette.

Let us add that there are plenty of disordered individuals and plenty of sophistication still in *Lewis et Irène,* and that the author does not hesitate to detail, item by item, their sensations and their absurd mental processes. In short, here is an attempt at a psychological novel, neither more nor less. M. Paul Morand has tried to bring two minds into contact and to study their reactions — two rather peculiar minds, or at least minds that appear so because we understand them ill. Lewis is another Rabevel. At the age of thirty — we are not told clearly just how — he has taken a leading position in a big financial company, the Franco-Africaine. He has swept aside the former president of the board of directors, who is dead. We meet Lewis for the first time at the funeral of this old man, and Lewis is jovial. Lewis is a fantastic business man for whom everything succeeds marvelously, like Rabevel, and like Rabevel he loves life. He is a great gambler. Presently he undergoes his first check as a financier, and as a conqueror in Sicily, whither he has gone to purchase deposits of sulphur and rock salt. He meets the beautiful Irène. Irène is Greek. It seems that this is enough to explain her genius in business, just as perhaps a few drops of Jewish blood explain Lewis's astonishing success. Irène is the true head of the Apostolatos Bank in Trieste. The Apostolatos Bank has branches in New York, Marseilles, and Alexandria. With extraordinary suddenness Lewis falls in love with Irène. Irène manœuvres so adroitly that Lewis is compelled, after a few months of fruitless endeavor, to sell her his salt and sulphur, although this does not mean by any means that Lewis has failed to make an impression. Indeed, so little is this the case, that once she has led him into business blunders, she consents to marry him. Farewell, business! Liquidation; travel; happiness. But no! Can one renounce everything so quickly? Boredom takes hold of these two lovers, and in the end, unknown to each other, they go back to business, which is their true passion.

## NEW TRANSLATIONS

BOULE, MARCELLIN. *Fossil Men.* Translated from the French by Jessie Elliot Ritchie and James Ritchie. London: Oliver and Boyd, 1924. 36*s.*

ESPINA, CONCHA. *Mariflor.* Authorized translation from the Spanish by Frances Douglas. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1924. Probable price, $2.50.

FREUNDLICH, ERWIN (Director of the Einstein Tower). *The Theory of Relativity.* Translated from the German by Henry L. Brose, with an introduction by Viscount Haldane. London: Methuen, 1924. 5*s.*

JENSEN, JOHANNES V. *Christopher Columbus.* Translated from the Danish by A. G. Chater. New York: Knopf, 1924. $2.50.

MARGUERITTE, PAUL AND VICTOR. *Poum: The Adventures of a Little Boy.* Translated from the French by Bérengère Drillien. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1924. $2.50.

OSTY, EUGÈNE. *Supernormal Faculties in Man.* Translated from the French by Stanley De Brath. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1924. $6.00.

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